Jester's Picnic.

...—The following appeared a few days ago, ...ton Courier:

...s D like marriage?" asked the maid
...ose troth to me is plighted;
...shed in sooth and hung my head,
...hile she seemed quite delighted.

THE ANSWER.

...e, answer me," continued she,
...nd don't be long about it;
... stupid fellow, can't you see,
... can't be *wed* without it?"

...the mill, and finding a grist in the hopper ...cried out:
... you tolled this grist?"
... you tolled this grist?"
...have you tolled the grist?"
...ll a pack of lying scoundrels," said the old ...n't believe a word of what you say—I'll toll ...

...et sends to an exchange the following poem ...," remarking that he is aware that the last *too long*, which he says is not *his* fault:

...e Squirl Am a very Nice bird,
And has A bushy Tale,
... sometimes sits Opon a lim,
And sometimes On A rale,
...nd Gethers nuts in The summer So that his ...ock Wont fail.

... while climbing Skiddaw lately, was chatting ...de, and touched on the subject of Southey's ...

...rst forth the guide, "that was a library to ... was an uncommon fine one. Why, I'm told ...e looked impressively at our friend, who, ...had stumbled on a rustic Coleridge, was all ...m told it weighed four and a half tons!" ... collapsed.

... paper says: "The editor of this paper wants ...nebody. Now don't misunderstand us; we ...rtising for a wife. We wish to marry two ...are we a Mormon. From looking over the ..., it appears that justices of the peace are ... dollars as a fee for solemnising marriage. ...ant of money, and wish to marry a couple for ..."

...et writing to Lord Buckley the morning after ..., thus addressed him:

...UCKLEY,—I am the happiest dog alive.
"DORSET."

...he received the following laconic reply:

...ORSET,—Every dog has his day.
"BUCKLEY."

Mrs. ...ble said to her husband, "I shall not take ... up stairs to-night, dear; so for safety I will ...inst your photographic likeness over the man-...

...id Mr. B., turning to his bosom friend, "you ...t suspicious wives, I see—you want to set a ... your husband."
... pretended to remove it, but she didn't.

... darkey having been in California, thus speaks of his ...troduction to San Francisco:
"As soon as dey landed in de riber, dar moufs began to water to be on land, and soon dey waded to the shore; ...ee any gold, but dey found such a supply of ...uffin to eat, dat dar gums crackled like baked clay in de brick-yard."

... having mentioned to one of his lady custom-...he submarine telegraph was broken, she replied, ...n their next attempt they should grease the cable ...f his strong butter, which she had been using ...ne, she thought it would impart strength to ...cer smiled faintly out of compliment, but ...e point of the joke.

...l joke was once attempted to be put on Mr. ... he went one day to Westminster Hall, with ...bag crammed full of briefs. Some waggish ...ired a Jew's boy to go up and ask him if he ...ld clo' to sell?"
... little Hebrew imp," exclaimed the indignant ..." they are all *new suits!*"

...en Era (Cal.) has the following in its answers ...ndents:
...owena Granice, Sacramento.—"The Curse of ... accepted, and will be found a place next week, ..." If our memory of the fair authoress serves ... may safely assert that "The Curse of Beau-... personal autobiography.

...id Mr. —— (the celebrated colored minister ...t), to a clerical friend, "you are writing a ...

... was the somewhat self-complacent answer. ...rother, you have just as good a right to make ...ose who know how."

...girl, on hearing her mother say that she in-... to a ball, and have her dress trimmed with ...ocently inquired if the bugles would all *blow* ...nced.
... said the mother, "your father will do all that ...covers that I have bought them."

...*Idea* "*shooting*."—The following is a descrip-...t, said to have been given in a school-boy's ...on:"
... a flying insect about the size of a stopple; ...ubber wings, and a shoe-string tail; he sees ...is eyes shut, and bites like thunder."

..., for thee—yes, at thy command I'd pluck the ... the firmament—I'd pluck the sun, that ori-...f day that traverses the blue arch of heaven in ...tic splendor—I'd tear him from the sky and—' ... Henry! It would be so very dark!"

...Mike, and have ye heard what they're going to ...rney Hannegan!"
... and I have," replied Mike; "they're going to ...im for life, but I don't believe the poor sowl ... the time."

...go!" sighed Solomon Wallstreet, as he heard ...incipal debtor had committed suicide; "he ...uself and *stuck* me!" And he went forth and ... difference out of the next "operation."

...ve mosquitoes in California with suckers so ... they look at a distance like young elephants. ...gainst their attacks, people have to wear cop-...ed trowsers and sheet-iron under clothes.

The little snarling carolling babes
That break our nightly rest,
Should be packed off to Baby-lon,
To Lapland or to Brest.

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VOL. XII. M. M. BALLOU, {NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1857. TERMS, {$2 00 PER ANNUM. 4 CENTS SINGLE. No. 45.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by M. M. BALLOU, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

THE SCOUT:
—OR,—
THE YOUNG DRAGOON.
A STORY OF THE NEUTRAL GROUND.

BY EDWARDS KEELER OLMSTED.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.

A FORTUNATE ENCOUNTER. THE CAPTAIN OF HORSE.

GET your arms, men, and make for the boat," exclaimed the tall man, making all haste to follow out his own order. The whole party were thrown into confusion by this sudden announcement. Joe White sprung instantly to his horse, mounted and rode away as if for his life, while David felt an almost irresistible impulse to make a rush for the door, and release himself by this bold and sudden movement from the custody of his hateful captors. In contemplation of this attempt, he edged himself along, as if unintentionally, towards the door, but one of the tories was too vigilant, divined his object, and placed himself between the prisoner and his only means of exit.

"Come," said he, "if you want to get a bullet through your head on the spot, you may try to run, otherwise you'll come peaceably along with us."

"Be sure of that," added the crooked-nose man; "you're not going to jine your friends out yonder jest yet, and you wont have the pleasure of seeing us taken and strung up to-day like so many Ingins nuther, I'm thinking. All ready, boys?"

The party were all by this time gathered in the middle of the apartment, with their arms in their hands, but with a little trepidation apparent on their faces. A general expression of assent was the response to the tall man's inquiry, and a simultaneous movement immediately took place toward the back door, opening in the direction of the beach, which was but a few rods distant. Two of the men seized hold of their prisoner, one on each side, while the tall man carried David's gun. As the party issued from the door, the foremost of a troop of horsemen, in the continental uniform, appeared at the top of a piece of rising ground a little distance off, and the leader appeared to be pointing with his sword toward the house from which our tory friends were just emerging. This sight was alarming enough to set the latter party into a full run, dragging David along with them. The approaching horsemen caught sight of this manœuvre, and raised a shout, while they put spurs to their horses with the evident design of overtaking the fugitives. The blooded horses of the troopers devoured the ground as they dashed toward the fugitives, seeming to share the ardor and eagerness of their riders, who bent over their necks and urged them to their utmost speed. At first David saw no means of their escape, though he had heard a boat mentioned, but a few rapid strides revealed to him that object, lying partly concealed by some rocks which overhung the edge of a little cove that here put in, and seemed admirably adapted for temporary concealment. The boat was calculated for six oars, and would hold the whole party with ease, and into this David was rapidly hurried by his two guards, while the others released the painter rope, and exerted their strength to push off. But the tide had fallen greatly since the boat had been drawn up, and it required considerable strength to put her afloat.

Meanwhile the patriot horsemen were rapidly approaching, and the foremost were already in a bend of the road, which came within rifle shot of the beach. The fence here was high, however, and it was apparent that the pursuers would be obliged to take a little circuit in order to reach the fugitives, and this fact Jake Barnes remarked with a chuckle, as with a final strong effort he urged the boat afloat and sprang into her. But the leader of the pursuers saw this fact at the same moment, and urging his horse to the utmost he cleared the fence in splendid style, and with a few leaps of his spirited charger was carried within close pistol shot of the flying tories. He drew one of his pistols from the holster, and shouted:

"Stop, and come ashore, or I'll fire into you."

The speaker was evidently an American officer, but the excitement of the moment did not permit him to see the probable inadequacy of his demand, unsupported as it was by anything more than a simple horse pistol. His men, not daring, or unable to imitate their leader's example, were dismounting and scrambling over the fence on foot, but none of them had yet come up, and the fugitives therefore answered the command to come ashore and yield themselves up, with the certainty of being hung, with a contemptuous laugh.

CAPTAIN DE LANCEY CHASING THE TORY.

At the same time one of the men who was acting as guard over the prisoner, levelled his musket, and before his companions were aware of his intentions, aimed and fired at the officer. The distance was so short and the aim so true, that the latter fell from his horse, to all appearance mortally wounded.

The sensation produced in the boat by this sudden occurrence drew all eyes to the land, and the prisoner instantly profited by the circumstance. All attention being drawn from him, he made a sudden leap into the water and struck out vigorously for the shore. Three pistols were almost instantly aimed at him, but the rowers tossed their oars at the same moment, and the motion of the boat disturbed their aim, so that the balls all passed harmlessly over the swimmer's head, and one glancing ashore struck a trooper in the leg. Nearly the whole party had now reached the edge of the water, and irritated at their leader's wound, as well as that of their comrade, they fired a volley upon the boat, taking effect, however, only upon a single man. This happened to be Jake Barnes, whose right arm a shot disabled, and who with a yell of pain seized and endeavored to fire a musket with his left. His companions, however, saw that their surest means of safety was flight, and they immediately bent to their oars with such diligence that they were soon out of reach, shaping their course directly out across the Sound.

David therefore swam ashore unmolested, and was immediately surrounded by the troopers. Their officer's wound proved not to be mortal, or even dangerous, and he had already risen to his feet when David reached the bank. He immediately called the latter to him, and proceeded to question him concerning the party from which he had just escaped. Our young adventurer related his own story, and his interrogator became communicative.

"I got information this morning," said he, "that a party of tories were suspected to have come over from Long Island, bent on some mischief, and I particularly wanted to get that fellow Barnes. He's a desperately bold rascal, they tell me, and does more mischief than a half-dozen common men. Then there's that scoundrel Joe White, why, he rides about the country here just as if it were full of red coats, and not an American company to be met with in a day's march. I have information that he passed here even to-day."

David interposed to confirm the information, and to say that a man they called Joe White had ridden off just after the alarm of the approach of troops was given.

"The deuce take him!" exclaimed the officer; "if that's so, we must be off at once after him. We may stand a chance to catch him yet. Mount and ride, men!"

The officer then again addressed David.

"See here, young man, you want to enlist, and I rather like your looks. My troop isn't full, and you may ride in that, if you like. I am Captain De Lancey, of the continentals, or 'Hair-brained Hugh,' as some of my friends delicately call me, by way of compliment. If you're a man not to stick at trifles, and like fighting as well as eating, this is the company for you."

This speech was uttered not by any means in a vain-glorious style, but in a frank, open hearted way which won our adventurer's regard at once. He expressed his pleasure to accept Captain De Lancey's proposition.

"Well, you've got a name, I suppose, or did your parents leave off that part of your education, for you haven't told me yet?"

The young man smiled, and modestly gave his name.

"Barnes!" repeated Captain De Lancey, with a stare, and surveying his new recruit from head to foot. "You can't be that rascal we're after, for if that fellow's turned patriot the world wont stand twenty-four hours."

"I regret to say that I am his brother, captain," modestly replied David.

"Well, I'm glad that one of the brood has got good blood. All the better for you, and all the worse for him. But I shall expect you to do double duty and fight like a tiger to make up for your brother's treason," said Captain De Lancey, good-naturedly.

David simply wished that the captain might soon have an opportunity to try his courage and devotion to the patriot cause, at which wish De Lancey laughed and replied:

"The opportunity will come soon enough, I'll warrant. Come, you must be mounted, of course; let's see if these tories haven't left you a horse in their stables here."

The frank and free soldier then led the way to the neighboring barn, where by good luck a span of valuable horses were feeding.

"This is enemy's property, of course! stolen probably from some of our own side. Help yourself to whichever steed you like best; and as for the other, it would be all right to lead him off to serve in case any of our horses are disabled. I wont bother with him, though. Time enough to get a new supply when we want it, and it's time now we were in the saddle."

Captain De Lancey's troop were all mounted and waiting when their leader returned with the new recruit, and gave the order to move on. Requesting David to ride alongside, as he desired to gather some information about the country further on, he remarked in a low tone:

"I propose to ride on pretty sharply, for my wound stiffens me a good deal, and I suppose my only way is to keep moving. I can't think of being laid up, you know, for anything short of my right arm, or head."

"I should think it prudent to have your wound dressed as soon as possible, though," said David.

"Why, to be sure, that would be desirable, but, hang it, I can't stop for that, when I'm on the scent of anything. That fellow White now, is actually worth a small troop for mischief, and I can't give up his trail for a small matter. I always head my men, too, when I can set a horse."

Conversing in this easy and familiar style, Captain De Lancey and his new recruit rode along, followed by the troop, on the road which David had already once travelled that day, though in an opposite direction, until the party came to diverging ways, one of which led along nearly parallel with the Sound, the other striking off in a northerly direction, inland. Hitherto the hard, dry road had exhibited very indistinct traces of a horseman having passed along; but fortunately at this point, the right hand road was soft and showed very plainly the fresh marks of a horse's hoofs.

"The rascal has gone this way," remarked the captain, with a little disappointment. "I don't see why he couldn't just as well have taken the other, and then it would have been right on my way to White Plains, where I hoped to be to-night. However, there's no help for it, except to follow him up all the harder; so come on, boys!" he added, turning in his saddle and addressing his men, and then spurring his horse into a pace that rendered further conversation inconvenient.

It is needless to say that David did not share in Captain De Lancey's disappointment, for the road and pace they were now going soon promised to bring him in sight of home, from which he already felt as if he had been absent an age. It was dusk when the weather-beaten roof and stone chimneys of the homestead at Great Rock appeared in sight, but while David's enthusiasm was excited by the thoughts of home, and the treasures it contained, an object of far deeper interest revealed itself to the keen gaze of De Lancey.

A considerable stretch of level road lay beyond the old stone house, and in the dim outline, as far as the eye could penetrate in the growing darkness, a single horseman was discerned flying along at a rate of speed which indicated that the rider had more than an ordinary motive for getting over the ground as fast as possible. De Lancey rose in his stirrups and pointed out this object to his men by a significant gesture with his sword, and immediately spurs were clapped to the horses, and the troop flew by the Barnes homestead at a rate which effectually prevented any recognition of the young recruit on the part of its inmates.

It seemed that the fugitive, unaware of pursuit, had travelled at such a pace as to permit Captain De Lancey's party thus nearly to overtake him; but discovering them before he was himself seen, he instantly put his horse to its utmost speed, and when first observed was going at a rate which promised his pursuers a long and weary chase. In a moment, the darkness and an inequality of the road placed the fugitive out of sight; but in spite of his wound De Lancey rode in a way to justify the expectation that he would soon overhaul the flying tory. He was soon a long way ahead of his corps, and in a few minutes was again in sight of the fugitive, and rapidly gaining upon him. The latter occasionally turned his head, and spurred his horse to a foam as he saw how his pursuer was getting the better of the race. A little way ahead the road

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

ran through a thick and tangled wood, which covered a point of land down to the waters of the Sound, and extended back for a long distance. The struggle now was on the part of De Lancey to overtake White before he could lose himself in the thick mazes of the woods, but the latter saw his only chance, and passed into the edge of the forest just as the latter's horse, urged to the utmost, stumbled and precipitated his rider over his head violently to the ground. The fugitive, however, did not see the accident, which of course ended the chase on the part of De Lancey, who was considerably bruised; and when in a few moments his troop came up and went dashing into the wood, they had not far to go before they found the flying tory's horse riderless, panting and foaming with fatigue, but the tory himself had escaped. He had availed himself of the cover hastily to dismount and plunge into the thickets of the forest, where of course pursuit was worse than useless. Nobody but young Barnes was acquainted with its intricacies, and even that acquaintance only served to assure the troopers of the unavailing nature of any further chase after the fugitive.

CHAPTER IV.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE. THE CAPTAIN MEETS WITH SHELTER AND A WARM RECEPTION.

THE pursuers accordingly returned in disappointment to the spot where De Lancey lay groaning with his accumulated hurts, and unable to lift himself up.

"The deuce take my luck," exclaimed the unfortunate captain, to the solicitous inquiries of his men; "couldn't any of you get up to that flying Dutchman? I should have had him but for that unlucky stumble. Fetch up old Tim, and let's see if he isn't ashamed of himself for treating me to such a shabby trick."

David at once suggested that the captain should be taken immediately back to his own house, where he promised that his sister would bestow the most careful and assiduous attention upon the wounded man, and would be only too happy to do it for a soldier in the patriot cause.

"Then there's another of you of the true blood, eh?" said De Lancey, retaining his light-hearted mood even in his pain. "Your speech is a little ambiguous, though, and might mean that your sister will be only too glad to see a patriot officer disabled."

The young man looked grieved, but burst out enthusiastically and with honest fervor into a vindication of his sister's sentiments—in his lover-like affection for her, fancying that even the unmistakable jesting tone and meaning of De Lancey's last remark was a wrong and an injury to that devoted spirit.

"I would to God," said he, "that every *man* born on American soil had the love of country, and the courage of Agnes Barnes! Then Howe would not have entered New York, nor Washington have been compelled to evacuate. Then we should see the leading families of Westchester, half of whom are now upholding the cause of a tyrant, contributing their money and their arms to regain the liberties of their countrymen. If Agnes were a man—"

"Then, no doubt," interrupted the disabled trooper, unable to control his tendency to joke, "she should be commander-in-chief."

Considering the somewhat unusual time, place and nature of young Barnes's eulogium upon his sister, the anti-climax suggested by De Lancey raised a laugh, at which David reddened and remained silent. The darkness, however, shrouded his confusion from the sight of his companions; and De Lancey, somewhat struck by the demonstrative admiration of his sister's qualities displayed by his new recruit, and fearing that the lightness of his remark might have wounded his feelings, immediately resumed:

"Well, then, Barnes, if my men have got me a litter constructed, I shall be proud and happy to beg the hospitality of your family; and my only fear is that these wretched bruises and cuts will make me a burden upon their good-nature for somewhat too long a period."

"Never fear that," returned David, with ready alacrity, immediately setting about assisting the wounded officer upon a rough litter hastily constructed out of the materials at hand. De Lancey himself was utterly helpless, and in considerable pain, but he bore up with the fortitude of a brave soldier, and conversed with the bearers of his litter, on their way to the house of Barnes, in his usual light-hearted and cheerful style.

As the men sat down their burden a few steps from the door, in order to permit young Barnes to prepare the inmates of the house for the spectacle of a wounded man, unexpectedly and unconscious of what was going on outside, Agnes opened the door and stepped out. Thus suddenly encountering a party of armed men, she uttered a slight cry of alarm, and was retreating inside, when her eye caught sight of the litter and its contents, which the darkness did not permit her to recognize. David being still in the background, her fears instantly suggested that it was the dead body of her brother which the soldiers were bringing home, and so with another cry

she sprang to the litter and flung herself upon it, exclaiming in grief-stricken tones:

"David, dear David! is it you? Killed—wounded—speak, David, if you live!"

"Don't be foolish, Agnes—here I am safe and sound," said the young soldier, coming forward from out of the darkness behind the wounded man. The sister rushed to embrace him.

"What have I done?" she faltered, as she laid her head for a moment on her brother's shoulder; "if you are safe, David, who is it that I have been so unmaiden-like as to kiss, and what will he think of me?"

"Think of you!" replied the young soldier. "He will think of you as all who know you think of you, that you are the best and dearest girl in the world."

He took her by the hand, and led her up to the litter.

"Captain De Lancey," said he, "let me make you acquainted with my sister Agnes, all whose wishes are for the triumph of her countrymen in arms. You must overlook the little mistake she made just now—it had its source in a sister's hasty anxieties."

"I should be happy if such mistakes occurred often," the officer commenced, but he checked the light gallantries which rose to his tongue from respect to the young lady, and a doubt how she might receive such badinage from a stranger.

"Fair lady," said he, "I know not whether you be deeply read in the pages of romance, that you yourself might be the heroine of one, but I come like a wounded knight of yore to claim the hospitality of the chatelaine of this castle."

"Don Quixote mistook an inn for a castle," replied Agnes, who had made good use of the few books that had fallen in her way, "and I am afraid your worship's imagination runs away with you when you exalt the character of the humble shelter that lies before you."

"On good faith," replied the soldier—"I am more like Don Quixote than a paladin of Charlemagne. And I bear about me more ignoble bruises than honorable wounds. The worst of my wounds is neither 'as deep as a well or as wide as a church door,' as Mercutio says—'marry, 'tis enough.' I cannot give a romantic coloring to my picture. The effects of a stumbling horse—these are all the titles I have to your consideration."

"I only ask how I can serve you, sir?" replied Agnes, modestly.

"And yet this is no jesting matter," said the captain, sadly. "To be disabled at such a moment—when our country needs every arm. If you undertake my cure, maiden, you must be prompt, if you would earn a soldier's thanks and blessings. I shall chide each tardy hour that keeps me from the saddle and the fray."

"It shall not be my fault, captain, if I keep you from your duty," said the young girl, kindling with enthusiasm. "If the women of America cannot go forth to battle, the least they can do is to bid their friends god-speed in the glorious work, and tend their wounds when they come back disabled from the field."

"Would that all our countrywomen were like you!" cried the captain. "But they *do* share your spirit. It is among the men alas! that we find treason and lukewarmness—and little of that—thank Heaven! for the patriots outnumber the traitors as ten to one."

Agnes was strangely impressed by the chivalrous and lofty tone of the young officer, and did the honors of her humble home with grace and kindness. When he had been brought into the house she hastened to do what she could towards dressing and alleviating the pains of his wound with womanly care, tenderness and alacrity; and a long time afterwards, the young officer was heard to say that the reception he then met with, at the hands of this young and amiable maiden, amply compensated him for the pain, inconvenience and mortification of his wounds and bruises.

Seeing their officer comfortably disposed of and cared for, his troop mounted, the lieutenant taking command. They closed up their files, and without note of bugle, rode off at a sharp trot. Young Barnes gazed after them till the dark column was lost to view in the gathering dark, and the beat of their horses' tread died upon the ear, when he re-entered the house. It was arranged that he should remain at home that night, and rejoin the command on the following, or second day, at White Plains.

CHAPTER V.

ADVENTURE OF JOE WHITE, THE TORY.

The fugitive, Joe White, hastily dismounting from his jaded steed, and turning it adrift, to escape the hot pursuit of Captain De Lancey, as we have indicated, succeeded in covering his person in the thick undergrowth of the wood into which his course led him. Plunging into the bushes with the consciousness of being fully acquainted with the ground, he did not continue his flight beyond a clump of rocks within a few yards from the road, from which position he could easily ascertain by the sense of hearing what course his pursuers would adopt. He heard the clattering of their horses' hoofs along the road as it entered the wood, and learned by the pause which ensued, and the sound of voices, that his own horse was discovered and taken. A few minutes served to assure him further that the search for himself was abandoned, and the retreating footsteps of the party told him that his own danger was over. From being the pursued, therefore, he instantly determined to become a spy upon the movements of De Lancey's troop, and at once cautiously made his way to the edge of the forest, whence he could discern in dim outline the dismounted horsemen gathered around some object in the road.

Curious to ascertain what had happened, he emerged further under the cover of a low stone wall which little more than concealed his crouching form, until by creeping noiselessly upon his hands and knees, he arrived directly opposite the spot where De Lancey was lying, and near enough to distinguish every word that was spoken by the party around him. His situation was one of danger, since the slightest noise, or the chance of any one looking over the wall against which some of the troopers were leaning, would discover him, and render his capture and subsequent ignominious death by the halter an almost certain thing.

Lying at full length, like a log, therefore, against the bottom of the fence, he listened with suppressed breath and eager impatience to the somewhat protracted conversation going on around De Lancey, and learned with exultation of the accident that had befallen him, and the necessity he was under of being laid up at the Barnes house.

At one moment the crouching listener, however, almost gave himself up for lost. A sabre clanked against the stone wall on the opposite side of him and cautiously turning his head so that he could look upward, he saw a soldier's hand placed upon the top stone just above him, as if in the act of springing over. With beating heart he silently gathered up his lower limbs for a spring, and in a painfully constrained position waited for the instant which would render his discovery certain.

But the hand was withdrawn after a moment, as the welcome order to mount was given by De Lancey's lieutenant, and in a moment more the litter containing the wounded officer moved slowly down the road, preceded and followed by portions of his troop.

Relieved a second time from imminent danger, the daring tory took a long breath, and cautiously followed the retreating party within safe distance, until they reached the house of young Barnes. Here he again concealed himself in full view of the entrance, while his own person remained in shadow, and patiently watched every movement until the party left their captain and David, took to their horses and rode off. Then anticipating that De Lancey's horse would be at once placed in the stable, his own having been led off with the troop, he stole around in the direction of that building and again concealed himself.

His anticipations were soon realized by the appearance of David's younger brother leading the captain's horse, and unconcernedly whistling a patriotic air. The youth soon disposed of his charge, and was sauntering slowly back to the house, when White's love of mischief induced him to commit an imprudence. After the boy had passed him about a rod, he gave a loud, shrill, and excellent imitation of the cry of an owl—a signal often used by the marauders with whom he was associated, and which they accordingly learned to copy with great perfection.

The boy's strain was cut suddenly short by this unlooked-for dismal sound, and momentarily startled, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him towards the house. At once getting the better of this childish alarm at the cry of a bird, however, he faced about, and thinking that the owl would be likely to prey upon his chickens, proceeded to search for the marauder. Once he approached and paused before White's place of concealment with such an air that the tory thought himself discovered, and clubbing his pistol gathered the desperate resolution to secure his own safety by silencing the youth in death; but the boy turned away in time, and continued his observations in such a way as to convince the lurking tory that he was unnoticed.

In fact, White's sagacity was for once deceived by the presence of mind of a boy. The youth did discover the concealed tory, with vast internal surprise and some alarm, but managed his demeanor with such admirable coolness that he threw the other quite off his guard, while he sauntered into the house as if nothing extraordinary displayed itself to his notice.

The moment the door closed upon the youth's back, White emerged from his concealment and moved towards the stable, the door of which, as was the custom then, was merely secured by a latch, and which he consequently opened without difficulty, closing and latching it after him.

In the house a fresh alarm was conveyed by the boy's report. It was naturally suspected that a party of marauders were concealed about, the strength of which could not of course be known, and while David, his brother, and even the maidenly Agnes prepared to defend themselves and their home from outrage and plunder, De Lancey chafed and groaned under his own inability to bear an arm in defence of the household, and his haste in sending all his troop away.

A few preparations for an attack were hastily made, and then David, stoutly armed, against the remonstrances of his sister, cautiously ventured out to reconnoitre. Concealing himself in shadow, he carefully surveyed the surrounding objects, buried as they were in uncertain gloom, and gradually assured by the silence which prevailed, and his failure to discover any hostile object, he advanced towards the point where White had been concealed. While his back was momentarily towards the stable, and he was straining his eyes in another direction, a slight noise attracted his attention. He instantly turned and cocked his musket, and beheld a man holding De Lancey's horse by the bridle, with one foot in the stirrup in the act of mounting. The click of his trigger alarmed White at the same instant, and he leaped into the saddle and turned his horse's head towards the nearest point of egress. David quickly raised his musket and fired, and a plunge of the horse and a slight cry from his rider told him that both were hit. The aim was not good, however, and the next moment White plunging his spurs into the horse's sides, with two or three bounds reared him upon the young man, so that both hoofs struck him in the breast and felled him senseless to the ground. Then with a bitter execration the tory turned and leaped the slight fence between him and the road without difficulty, and gallopped hotly away. The report of the musket brought out the two active remaining members of the household, fearless of the supposed danger, to David's rescue, but their anxiety overcame every other sentiment when they found him stretched upon the ground and bleeding at the mouth from the effects of the blow he had received.

For a time, until the wounded man could speak, and explain the situation of things outside, everything was confusion within, the two youthful defenders of the house embarrassed by their expectation of an attack, and their anxiety to attend to David; but when the latter could relate the affair as it stood, De Lancey's grief and anger at the loss of his horse were almost equal to the sister's grief over her brother's injury.

"I'll see that villain hung yet, though, and I think there is no sight I shall enjoy better," said the wounded captain, after dilating enthusiastically upon the merits and value of his charger, which had only once served him a scurvy trick, after having carried him safely through the most difficult and dangerous situations.

Leaving the Barnes family in the excitement of this new event, we will follow the steps of the daring and successful tory, who having no particular motive to follow Captain De Lancey's troop, now that the situation of the captain himself was so satisfactorily ascertained, took the nearest route to convey himself back to the spot whence he and his associates had a few hours before been driven.

Although it has not here been directly, it has inferentially been stated, that White was one of those renegade Americans that associated with the marauders that infested the Neutral Ground, sometimes a robber, occasionally a spy, but professionally a scout in the pay of the royal army. In his various capacities he had committed crimes enough against the patriot cause to ensure a rope for his neck without a great deal of formality, in case he ever fell into the hands of the Americans—a fact of which no one was better convinced than he himself. To his natural daring was therefore added the sagacity and cunning which his situation rendered absolutely necessary; and hitherto he had almost miraculously succeeded in escaping capture while he boldly trusted himself within the American lines, furnishing information to the British of the movements of their forces, and giving intelligence to his associates of plunder on the way to be intercepted.

The speed with which he now rode De Lancey's horse, notwithstanding he felt perfectly secure from further pursuit, evinced an extraordinary eagerness on his part, and proved that he had an object in view which he felt either demanded or justified haste. He had the road entirely to himself, no object appearing to excite his interest or alarm; yet still he plunged his spurs into the horse's sides and urged him along, until the white foam covered the noble animal's bridle, saddle-girths and flanks.

It was late at night, however, when the scout reined up at the stone house near the beach, where in a previous part of the day the party of tories among whom was Jake Barnes, were surprised by the advent of De Lancey's party. To avoid further circumlocution in mentioning this spot, it is proper to say that this was the residence of the tall man with a crooked nose, heretofore mentioned as one of the party which escaped across the Sound, and the woman who appeared in that company was his wife. This man's name was Ferguson—a tory, of course, who in virtue of the stake he possessed in the country, in the ownership of this house and the farm attached, felt himself entitled to lead the gang with which he acted, and actually disputed that honor with Jake Barnes, whose desperate courage and physical strength pointed him out as the fitting leader.

Ferguson was one too, who adopted the lawless life of a whaleboatman—as these ruffians were sometimes termed, from the fact that while the region around New York was in the possession of the Americans, the marauders used to make their descents upon the country from Long Island, in boats—from a natural disposition for vagabondism and robbery, and not at all from any necessity, real or fancied. Undoubtedly, however, we should add avarice to the other motives which led him to seek the company of such associates as he had chosen—the devotees of this passion finding it much easier to gratify their desires in the tory than in the patriot ranks.

Ferguson's wife did all she could to control her husband and turn him from his evil courses, she being a sympathizer with the popular cause; but she was bullied and abused, and forced to submit. She was thus first an unwilling and indignant witness of the transactions in which her husband shared, and finally a sullen and reluctant accomplice, so far as to afford shelter to and to obey the behests of the gang, which frequented her house.

When Joe White, therefore, alighted at Ferguson's house, at a late hour of the night, and knocked at the door with renewed impatience and violence each moment his summons remained unanswered, Mrs. Ferguson, though awake, did not inconvenience herself with haste to let him in. In fact, after the scout had wearied himself and got into a fume with repeated knockings, though well satisfied that it was some of her husband's accomplices, whom she had orders to admit at all times, Mrs. Ferguson first took the precaution, after a good deal of delay, to thrust her head from a window and inquire who was there and what was wanting?

"Who the deuce should it be, if not some of us?" answered the scout, in rough ill humor; "it's me, Joe White, and I want you to come down and open this door in no time, hang you! or I'll smash it in, and advise old Ferguson to thrash you afterwards, for your laziness."

"O, it's you, is it, Joe White? And what right have you got to talk to me in that way, in my own house, too!" said the woman, sharply.

"Don't stand there muttering, you old beldame—open the door, will you?" retorted the scout, stamping his foot with impatience.

"I've a good mind to let you stay there till you get over your hurry," said Mrs. Ferguson, half soliloquizing, and then raising her voice she exclaimed—"I wont come down till I'm dressed, so you may stamp your feet and knock as much as you like, and I hope you'll amuse yourself that way."

Accordingly she let down the window, and leisurely proceeded to arrange her toilet in suitable shape, while White grumbled:

"Confound her dress, and her too!" and then he added, with sundry deep imprecations that we cannot sully our pages by recording—"She's a traitress, and has the will to sell us out body and soul, dog cheap. If Ferguson doesn't send her packing, one of these fine days we shall all be dangling in hempen cravats beneath earth and sky. On small provocation I'd ring the jade's neck for her!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of The Flag of our Union containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication or at any of the periodical depots.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MRS. ANDERSON'S TEA-DRINKING.

BY ELLA M. HALPINE.

"Of all earthly plagues," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, "a parcel of cosset hens are the worst. There they are again all over the house, and I've drove them out twenty times within the last two hours if I have once;" and grasping the broom, she went again to work, to expel the intruders from her tidy kitchen.

"Shew, shew! git out of there, I tell you, there now, they've tipped over that bowl of cream, and one of them has gone clean through the window."

"Easy, Nancy, easy," said old Mrs. Green, as she rolled up about three quarters of a yard of the stocking she was knitting, and placed a pin in it to keep it from unrolling. "A hen is natterly an excitable and easily flustrated *animal*; and if you want them to go out the way they come in, you must let them take their own time; fur it only confuses their idees, and sets 'em tu screeching, and flying every way but the right way, tu hurry them about going. But what ails your hens? they act as if they were used tu being fed in the house."

"Well, they are pretty much the same," replied Mrs. Jones, as she busied herself picking up the broken glass and putting things to rights; "you see the old hen got killed, and I had to bring them up myself."

"And a precious bad bringing up they have had, too," replied Mrs. Green; "and let me tell you, Mrs. Jones, the sooner you get rid of them the better. Did I ever tell you what an *awful* pickle Mrs. Anderson got into once, and all on account of a lot of cosset hens?"

"No, pray, how was it, Mrs. Green?" inquired Mrs. Jones, again seating herself at her sewing, which was a pair of blue driling over-'alls for Mr. Green Jones.

"Well, it happened a good spell ago, in the early part of the summer, a little while arter I came up from 'down below.' Arter I come back, one of the first places I went a visiting was over to Mrs. Anderson's; we've lived neighbors near ten years, Mrs. Anderson and I, so we natterly set an awful sight by each other. She come out tu meet me when she seed me coming, with her sleeves rolled up, and her hands all kivered with flour.

"'Marciful sakes!' sez she, 'who would hev thought of seeing you here tu day; come right in and take off your things; my hands are all kivered with flour, or I'd help you about it.'

"'Never mind,' sez I. 'I'm used tu waiting on myself, and know how tu make myself tu hum anywhere; and tu begin with, I am going right out intu the kitchen tu set; fur I see you haint got your work out of the way, and I ken visit with you there as well as anywhere.' When I got out there, I stood stock-still with astonishment; fur though it want but half-past twelve, everything was scoured up bright as a new tin pan, and the table all sot ready for tea.

"'Fur goodness' sake alive! What does all this mean, Sarah Anderson?' sez I.

"'O,' sez she, 'I'm expecting company. The minister and his wife, and a lot of others, sent word they were coming tu spend the afternoon with me, and I've been tu work tight as I could spring all the forenoon, tu have everything in apple pie order.'

"'I should think as much,' sez I; 'and you have got everything on tu the table; even tu the pickles and preserves.'

"'Yes,' sez Mrs. Anderson, 'I thought I'd have everything ready, so I shall have nothing tu du, but tu draw the tea; I should hev got done long ago if these ere pesky hens hadn't bothered me so; but it takes me half the time to keep them out the house.'

"'I notice,' sez I, 'they are *dreadful* bothersome. I guess they have been used to being *cosseted* in the house?'

"'Yes,' sez she, 'the old hen got caught by a hawk, and the chickens are perfect imps of mischief every one on 'em. They scratch the garden all tu pieces, and steal victuals right off the dinner-table, and biscuit out the oven while they are baking, unless I'm keerful tu keep the door shet; they'll even grab meat out the spider, when it's frying, and flap-jacks off a hot griddle; but goodness gracious! I must wash, and slick up a little, fur its most time fur them tu be coming.'

"Sure enough, just as she spoke, some one knocked. It was Mrs. Deacon Smith, and I showed her into the square room, while Mrs. Anderson slipped into the bed room, to change her gown and put on a clean collar. Pretty soon the rest of the folks come, and everything went on finely, till about the middle of the afternoon; when we heered a noise out in the kitchen which sounded like dishes being smashed. Mrs. Anderson went out, tu see what was up, and I followed arter. But, marsiful sakes! sich a sight as met our eyes as we opened the kitchen door. Them cosset hens, had flown in through the window on the table; and things looked as if they had been at work at the victuals all the afternoon. They had knocked the dishes off on the floor—tipped the cream over on tu the cheese and pickles—picked intu every loaf of cake on the table—walked through and through the butter—upset the preserves; and in the middle of every custard pie stood a hen, eating away for dear life.

"Well, as soon as Mrs. Anderson caught her breath, she flew to drive them out—but la! you never can make a hen go out the way it come in. One on 'em flew into the looking-glass smashing it tu atoms; and another on tu the mantel, knocking off three lamps full of ile and a bottle of ink, which fell on the stove, while the ink and oil flew all over the room; the rest on 'em finally managed to get out, by flying each one through a separate pane of glass. Well, Mrs. Anderson felt pretty bad I ken tell you—I believe you could hev knocked her down with a feather.

"'What shall I du?' sez she, at last, sinking down intu a chair.

"Well, I sot and thought a minute.

"'Mrs. Anderson,' sez I, finally, 'you jest go back intu the square room as if nothing had happened, and leave me tu get supper and put things tu rights.'

"'Get supper? Good gracious! Mrs. Green, it will be half a day's job tu clean out the room fit tu get supper in.'

"'That's *my* business,' sez I. 'You just go in and take care of your company, and let me manage my own affairs.'

"'No,' sez she, 'I shan't consent tu any such thing; the only thing tu be done is to clean out the worst of it, and let the rest go; and as for supper they will have tu put up with nothing but bread and butter and tea.'

"'No, they wont du any sich thing, Sarah Anderson, sez I; they sent word they were coming beforehand; and they will natterly expect something pretty scrumptuous tu eat.'

"'Well, then what ken I du, Mrs. Green?' sez she, and she looked ready tu cry.

"'Du?' sez I; 'why du as I tell you. Go back tu your company, and leave me tu manage the supper; and in good time I'll hev one ready, fit tu place before the king. Come, sez I, take yourself off; they'll be wondering what has become of you; besides, I don't want you, bothering and hindering out here.'

"At last I got her started; and then the first thing I did was tu get some corn, and coax them miserable chickens intu the stable, and shet 'em up tight and snug. Arter that was done, I threw an apron over my head and started for home cross lots, as fast as I could leg it."

"For home? Mrs. Green!"

"Yes, neighbor Jones, for home; fur you see I had done my week's baking just the day before, and I had victuals enough on hand fur a raising. There were mince pies, and custard pies, and green apple pies; besides cranberry tarts, and any quantity of cake. And arly in the morning Sile brought in a young turkey that had got hurt with the scythe, in the hay-field, which I had dressed and sot away down cellar; I took that along too, together with some beautiful clear honey, which Sile brought from Uncle Dan's.

"Well, in less than half an hour, that turkey was biling in Mrs. Anderson's kitchen. I swept off the portico, and sot the table out there, for there want no use tu think of trying tu clean up the kitchen; and then arter setting the tea on tu draw, I went back intu the square room.

"'Why, Mrs. Green,' says Mrs. Deacon Smith, 'I began to think you had gone home.'

"'So I have,' sez I; 'I run home a spell tu see about supper; but I've come back in time tu take *my* supper with you,' sez I, giving Mrs. Anderson a *look*.

"'Well, I guess it's about time we all had our supper,' sez Mrs. Anderson, taking the hint and rising tu go out into the kitchen.

"'O, la! Mrs. Anderson,' sez they all at once, 'don't think of troubling yourself about supper yet awhile. I'm sure it's quite arly.'

"Howsumdever she went, just as they expected she would; and they were all proper glad tu, for they were all master hands at drinking tea, and I suspect the smell of the turkey biling, made 'em feel sort of hungry.

"In about ten minutes, Mrs. Anderson came back looking as chirp and smiling as you please; and axed us tu walk out and take a cup o' tea. The minister and his wife took the lead, and we all followed arter.

"'I declare,' sez Mrs. Deacon Smith, as she sot down tu the table, 'you have prepared a regular feast for us, Mrs. Anderson.'

"'Sure enough,' sez the minister's wife; 'I don't know when I've sot down to a table with the prospect of faring so sumptuously.'

"'Yes, truly,' sez the minister, 'we have indeed a bountiful board spread before us.'

"So they all of 'em had something tu say; and I guess myself it was as good a supper, as they very often got at home or abroad, arry one on 'em.

"I stayed till arter they were all gone, and then Mrs. Anderson and I had a good laugh over the whole affair. But one thing is sartain, Nancy Jones; them ere cosset hens found their way intu Mrs. Anderson's soup kittle; and I advise you tu sarve yours the same way."

A CRINOLINE JOKE.

At a recent season for masquerade in Paris many attempts were made to ridicule the prevalent style of female attire. The most successful one is thus described: "At another of these balls much merriment was excited by the appearance of a young gentleman of about twenty years of age, slender, fair, and guileless of beard, who had attired himself in the extreme of the prevailing feminine fashions. On his head, or rather a considerable distance behind it, he wore a tiny pink satin bonnet, stuck on the end of immense steel pins, about half a yard long, fastened firmly into the back hair, put on for the occasion; his dress was of course enormously wide when he entered the ball-room. Making his way to the centre of the saloon, he proceeded, by means of some ingenious hidden mechanism, to develop the ample folds of his skirts, until his gown literally assumed the dimensions of a balloon, filling the ball-room entirely, from wall to wall, and driving all the company into the corners, and forcing them into the adjoining rooms."—*London Herald.*

THE SAFEST INVESTMENTS.

In the long run, those men get to be the richest, as all past experience proves, who invest most of their surplus capital in good mortgages and real estate. It is astonishing how fast a fortune accumulates, even at six per cent., if dividends and rents are invested quarterly, or even semi-annually. Investments in real estate securities rarely or never bring loss; and hence there is no drawback on the compounding of interest. The fact is notorious that, of the Philadelphia families which were rich a century ago, only those remain rich that kept the bulk of their wealth in real estate. No business man can afford—for any long period—to pay two per cent., for money; to demand such high rates is, therefore, not sound policy in the capitalist; and the history of the rich in this or any other city, if traced back for a hundred years, affords abundant proofs of this It is wiser, believe us, not to "kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LOVERS' STRATAGEM.

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMANN.

It is the year eighteen hundred and fifty-five, and there is a picture in the academical gallery, Casa della Vittoria, in Rome, the design of which might have been conceived by Hogarth, but whose execution is such as hardly to entitle it to a place in the exhibition. It is styled the "Happy Pair." In a spacious, gaudily arranged room, a lady in morning costume is represented as sitting negligently on a fauteuil. She is certainly extremely lovely; the proportions of her face are faultless; but an air of ennui and discontent gives them a languid, indifferent aspect which is rather painful than otherwise. Her eye rests scornfully on one who is probably her husband, an insipid looking gentleman, at a small breakfast-table. There is one other figure, a portrait painter, who is engaged on the gentleman's likeness; as yet no face or limbs adorn his sketch, he has only succeeded in depicting a highly correct copy of the uniform of the "Garde Noble." The studied aversion of the Happy Pair is admirably portrayed. The minor details are rather hurried, the only thing which is accurately finished being a ring of opals upon the lady's finger. The face of the painter strikes you as familiar, you have seen those calm, hazel eyes, that brown hair, golden where the sunbeam falls across it, the noble turn of the head, the whole expression of serene certainty and vigilance. While you pause to reflect, your eye falls on a person standing easily beside the frame; he observes you and smiles, the likeness is correct, it is he. It is probable then that all the faces are portraits, and that the picture has some hidden meaning; you move aside to see if events throw any light on it. The person who stands so near by, is of tall and rather slender frame; his dress, neither studiously elaborate nor careless, indicates ease, perhaps wealth; his air is that of a gentleman; he is the artist.

It being yet early in the day, the hall is by no means full; and one by one pass listlessly by. Now, a portly monsignore, an arch cardinal with his confessor and lackey, pauses patronizingly, but quickly contracting his benignant smile to a scowl, glances at the artist, and before long retires to his coach. A member of the Garde Noble, in gorgeous uniform, Marquis de Vologni, a nephew of the arch cardinal, starred and gartered, tall and handsome, saunters by and seems attracted. Indeed the room is marvellously like one in the palace Vologni, and the lady like her to whom the marquis is paying his addresses, the Princess Reggioso. Strange to say, he does not recognize the other portrait which is not so faithful as the one he every day sees in his mirror, and by-and by he also wanders out. This time the artist's serenity is for a moment clouded.

Another group have just entered, but one only of their number draws near, a tall young woman in a rustling black silk; proud, if one were to judge by the erect form and haughty step, beautiful if those Italian skies ever saw perfection. By the quick changes of her brow, it is evident she perceives the design of the artist. The eyes of the lady in the picture are of the same rich darkness as hers who stands before it, there is the same soft texture of skin, the same look of ennui and discontent; it is, in short, the Princess Reggioso; everything perfect but her hand which wears no jewels. She regards the picture as if lost in silent thought for a few moments; looking up then with an air of determination, you perceive that the first expression is entirely gone, and a radiant smile bathes the face in its pristine beauty. She looks steadily at the artist.

"Correct save in one particular, Signor Chenevix," she says, melodiously, "my arm is not so long as you have painted."

"True, madam. But it is daily lengthening, you will acknowledge."

"How so?"

"In order to grasp that of the Marquis de Vologni, whom Nature has placed at such a distance from your highness."

As the painter illustrates his words by pointing at the picture, it is observable that he himself wears the ring of opals.

"Ah! But a hundred accessories were pulling it forward," she returns. "See, I annihilate their influence entirely; the arm is contracting!"

"But what will the marquis in that case do?"

"Who cares?" she answers, with a shrug. "But, signor, you have been long about this picture!"

"Seven years since we met, I think, but not seven years since I have seen you."

"One's hair grows gray in such absence. Seven years," she repeats, half sadly, "yes all that."

It is singular to observe how familiarly they address each other, and you wonder on what relation they stand. But since little can be gathered from their conversation, suffer me to relate the circumstances of their acquaintance.

The family of Reggioso, though very ancient and noble, were much impoverished, and to mend their fortunes, it had long been contemplated to unite their house with that of the less noble, but extremely wealthy Vologni, by the marriage of their daughter Victoria to the nephew of the cardinal, whenever the two should be of age, since the nephew had never evinced any inclination for the church as his uncle would have preferred and was destined, when he had completed his growth, for the Garde Noble.

But Victoria, though accustomed to play with her handsome *fiance* from childhood, though constantly told that one day he was to be her husband, never manifested any desire for the union, and at the age of seventeen, stoutly refused the honor, and the subsequent years have been spent by both families in worrying the beautiful princess into the match, until now at the age of twenty-five, she seems on the verge of consenting. It is these facts that have given her face its languid bitter look, it is the sudden resolution to thwart them, that has changed it into an incarnate smile.

Seven years previous to this time, she was eighteen; it was then the year of the Revolution in '48. All Rome, all Italy had long been in

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"I stayed till arter they were all gone, and then Mrs. Anderson and I had a good laugh over the whole affair. But one thing is sartain, Nancy Jones; them ere cosset hens found their way intu Mrs. Anderson's soup kittle; and I advise you tu sarve yours the same way"

A CRINOLINE JOKE.

At a recent season for masquerade in Paris many attempts were made to ridicule the prevalent style of female attire. The most successful one is thus described: "At another of these balls much merriment was excited by the appearance of a young gentleman of about twenty years of age, slender, fair, and guiltless of beard, who had attired himself in the extreme of the prevailing feminine fashions. On his head, or rather a considerable distance behind it, he wore a tiny pink satin bonnet, stuck on the end of immense steel pins, about half a yard long, fastened firmly into the back hair, put on for the occasion; his dress was of course enormously wide when he entered the ball-room. Making his way to the centre of the saloon, he proceeded, by means of some ingenious hidden mechanism, to develop the ample folds of his skirts, until his gown literally assumed the dimensions of a balloon, filling the ball-room entirely, from wall to wall, and driving all the company into the corners, and forcing them into the adjoining rooms."—*London Herald.*

THE SAFEST INVESTMENTS.

In the long run, those men get to be the richest, as all past experience proves, who invest most of their surplus capital in good mortgages and real estate. It is astonishing how fast a fortune accumulates, even at six per cent., if dividends and rents are invested quarterly, or even semi-annually. Investments in real estate securities rarely or never bring loss; and hence there is no drawback on the compounding of interest. The fact is notorious that, of the Philadelphia families which were rich a century ago, only those remain rich that kept the bulk of their wealth in real estate. No business man can afford—for any long period—to pay two per cent., for money; to demand such high rates is, therefore, not sound policy in the capitalist; and the history of the rich in this or any other city, if traced back for a hundred years, affords abundant proofs of this. It is wiser, believe us, not to "kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LOVERS' STRATAGEM.

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMANN.

It is the year eighteen hundred and fifty-five, and there is a picture in the academical gallery, Casa della Vittoria, in Rome, the design of which might have been conceived by Hogarth, but whose execution is such as hardly to entitle it to a place in the exhibition. It is styled the "Happy Pair." In a spacious, gaudily arranged room, a lady in morning costume is represented as sitting negligently on a fauteuil. She is certainly extremely lovely; the proportions of her face are faultless; but an air of ennui and discontent gives them a languid, indifferent aspect which is rather painful than otherwise. Her eye rests scornfully on one who is probably her husband, an insipid-looking gentleman, at a small breakfast-table. There is one other figure, a portrait painter, who is engaged on the gentleman's likeness; as yet no face or limbs adorn his sketch, he has only succeeded in depicting a highly correct copy of the uniform of the "Garde Noble." The studied aversion of the Happy Pair is admirably portrayed. The minor details are rather hurried, the only thing which is accurately finished being a ring of opals upon the lady's finger. The face of the painter strikes you as familiar, you have seen those calm, hazel eyes, that brown hair, golden where the sunbeam falls across it, the noble turn of the head, the whole expression of serene certainty and vigilance. While you pause to reflect, your eye falls on a person standing easily beside the frame; he observes you and smiles, the likeness is correct, it is he. It is probable then that all the faces are portraits, and that the picture has some hidden meaning; you move aside to see if events throw any light on it. The person who stands so near by, is of tall and rather slender frame; his dress, neither studiously elaborate nor careless, indicates ease, perhaps wealth; his air is that of a gentleman; he is the artist.

It being yet early in the day, the hall is by no means full; and one by one pass listlessly by. Now, a portly monsignore, an arch cardinal with his confessor and lackey, pauses patronizingly, but quickly contracting his benignant smile to a scowl, glances at the artist, and before long retires to his coach. A member of the Garde Noble, in gorgeous uniform, Marquis de Vologni, a nephew of the arch cardinal, starred and gartered, tall and handsome, saunters by and seems attracted. Indeed the room is marvellously like one in the palace Vologni, and the lady like her to whom the marquis is paying his addresses, the Princess Reggioso. Strange to say, he does not recognize the other portrait which is not so faithful as the one he every day sees in his mirror, and by-and by he also wanders out. This time the artist's serenity is for a moment clouded.

Another group have just entered, but one only of their number draws near, a tall young woman in a rustling black silk; proud, if one were to judge by the erect form and haughty step, beautiful if those Italian skies ever saw perfection. By the quick changes of her brow, it is evident she perceives the design of the artist. The eyes of the lady in the picture are of the same rich darkness as hers who stands before it, there is the same soft texture of skin, the same look of ennui and discontent; it is, in short, the Princess Reggioso; everything perfect but her hand which wears no jewels. She regards the picture as if lost in silent thought for a few moments; looking up then with an air of determination, you perceive that the first expression is entirely gone, and a radiant smile bathes the face in its pristine beauty. She looks steadily at the artist.

"Correct save in one particular, Signor Chenevix," she says, melodiously, "my arm is not so long as you have painted."

"True, madam. But it is daily lengthening, you will acknowledge."

"How so?"

"In order to grasp that of the Marquis de Vologni, whom Nature has placed at such a distance from your highness."

As the painter illustrates his words by pointing at the picture, it is observable that he himself wears the ring of opals.

"Ah! But a hundred accessories were pulling it forward," she returns. "See, I annihilate their influence entirely; the arm is contracting!"

"But what will the marquis in that case do?"

"Who cares?" she answers, with a shrug. "But, signor, you have been long about this picture!"

"Seven years since we met, I think, but not seven years since I have seen you."

"One's hair grows gray in such absence. Seven years," she repeats, half sadly, "yes all that."

It is singular to observe how familiarly they address each other, and you wonder on what relation they stand. But since little can be gathered from their conversation, suffer me to relate the circumstances of their acquaintance.

The family of Reggioso, though very ancient and noble, were much impoverished, and to mend their fortunes, it had long been contemplated to unite their house with that of the less noble, but extremely wealthy Vologni, by the marriage of their daughter Victoria to the nephew of the cardinal, whenever the two should be of age, since the nephew had never evinced any inclination for the church as his uncle would have preferred, and was destined, when he had completed his growth, for the Garde Noble.

But Victoria, though accustomed to play with her handsome *fiance* from childhood, though constantly told that one day he was to be her husband, never manifested any desire for the union, and at the age of seventeen, stoutly refused the honor, and the subsequent years have been spent by both families in worrying the beautiful princess into the match, until now at the age of twenty-five, she seems on the verge of consenting. It is these facts that have given her face its languid, bitter look, it is the sudden resolution to thwart them, that has changed it into an incarnate smile.

Seven years previous to this time, she was eighteen; it was then the year of the Revolution in '48. All Rome, all Italy had long been in a ferment, secret meetings of the patriots had been held underground in the old excavations and catacombs, without the city, among the ruins of the ancient aqueducts, in broad daylight, at last on the open squares, till the whole vast impulse of a crushed nation rose in terrible strength to sweep oppression from the earth and substitute free government for the insolent Austrian rule. There had been in those days a young English nobleman sojourning in Rome, and following art in the great galleries. His true rank was unknown, but Signor Chenevix, if sprung from lords or peasants, could not be more popular with those Romans who wished to throw off their yoke, than he already was. In all their struggles he assisted, and in all their deliberations gave valuable advice, while the even balance of his character imposed a necessary discretion on the fiery counsel of this rash southern blood.

It was the day when the double-headed Austrian eagle was torn down from the Palazzo di Venizia and burned, with other hated insignia, in the streets. News came hourly of the revolt of sister cities, the highest excitement prevailed, the people were wild with joy, spontaneous processions formed themselves through the streets, and the popular outbreak was swelled by hundreds frantic with the new wine of liberty. The bonfire in the Piazza del Popolo brightened and increased with the accumulations brought by one and another. Chenevix had stood with folded arms, taking in the scene, when he saw a young girl steal from an arched gateway, look cautiously round, run quickly and throw a small bundle of parchment into the flames. They were the commissions of Austrian officers to govern Rome. It was the Princess Victoria. How she obtained them was no matter of wonder when he remembered having already seen her in the theatre with those to whose distribution they were sent, and he knew that this great hearted act would, if revealed, bring down some certain vengeance on her head.

No sooner was the thing done than a great shout rose from those around, although perceiving she did not wish to be known, none mentioned her name, but delighted they hailed another friend. She had turned to run back, when, catching sight of a carriage coming down the street, she lost her color, and looked uncertainly up and down, as if for shelter. Within the carriage were sitting the Countess Andelli, her scandalized aunt, and the arch-cardinal, the marquis's scandalized uncle. Chenevix perceived her embarrassment, and stepping forward, shielded her from their sight, while he offered his cloak which was long and hooded; she accepted it with a smile, and wrapping it round her, stood beside him till the aristocratic coach had rolled by. She would then have returned the garment and left him, but the crowd rushing from behind, filled up the square and bore everything before it to the Colosseum, where the youths were flocking to enroll themselves in the Roman Republic.

For a time he strove to protect her, but soon in the enthusiasm of the moment, and the pressure of the impelling multitude, they became separated, and he lost her. But in the vast area of the Colosseum when they arrived, there would have been ample room for a larger mass than this. It was but a short time before, looking up, he saw the princess standing on an upper tier at some distance, and so completely interested in the proceedings of the enlistment below, as to have suffered her cloak to drop down, while eager and erect, with one hand on an adjacent altar, she proudly watched this crisis in her country's fate.

Chenevix, in all his studies, had never seen so charming an one as this. It did not last long, though before another had joined her, and the feeble contemptuousness on his face told how little the young Marquis de Vologni sympathized with the citizens. He whispered a word or two in her ear. Starting suddenly, she gathered up her cloak, threw on him a glance of concentrated scorn, and swept away without his assistance.

A year passed, and during this time Chenevix, who had suddenly remembered Roman acquaintances in the city, immediately renewed his old, English habits, and plunged into a whirl of that society where he was frequently sure to meet the princess. Known always by his family name, and never by his title, he was not, of course, on any equality with her highness but that of politeness, although many suspected him to be some milord Inglesa; the absurdly insolent manner of the marquis, her frequent attendant, he did not deem worthy of notice; and at last, as daily he was more and more in her society, it attracted the angry attention of the arch cardinal, who, in turn, directed her aunt's to the same point. Severely reprimanded by the latter, Victoria was, for a few days, sufficiently cold to deter any one less clear sighted than Chenevix; but waiting a while, he again, when her caprice of obedience had worn off, became her partner in the dance and her companion in the walk, while the boyish marquis stood indignantly by in stifled jealousy till he could again find pretext for his uncle's interference. Still their intercourse was almost commonplace, if it had not been for a secret understanding of each other's sentiments, which found expression now and then in the glance of an eye, the answering smile, the heightened color, but very seldom in words.

Although strictly forbidden to continue an acquaintance with so plebeian a person as an unknown English artist, she boldly did as she pleased, despite father, aunt, or the whole net of Vologni's, and was accordingly one evening detected by the vigilant eyes of the marquis, monsignore the arch cardinal, and her aunt, at the masked opera ball, promenading arm-in arm with Signor Chenevix! Nothing could exceed the impropriety of the action! There could be no greater breach of Roman etiquette. Without a chaperone, young, alone, and in such a place, not even her exalted station could have protected her from scandal had it been known. To do her justice, however, it was the first time she had ever spoken freely to Chenevix, and now she rather revelled in it, not so much from any penchant for the Englishman, as because it was an emancipation from the strict rules of ceremony, and because it had been vetoed, while at the same time she knew there was nothing to be feared when beneath the respectful protection of Signor Chenevix.

They had lifted their masks for air, and were gaily talking, when Victoria observed the dreadful trio unmasked, and terrible in intention, bearing down towards them. An instant she turned pale and held her breath, while her heart beat in in her throat. "Courage!" whispered Chenevix, as he saw her downcast eyes. The word sent the blood back to its proper channel, the eyes were raised, the suspended laugh finished, and she appeared, as the Countess Andelli afterwards remarked, unconcerned as any hardened criminal. Monsignore had ferocious designs glaring under his brows, but they were forestalled by Victoria's crying in affected horror, "Your excellency at a masked opera ball! And with my aunt?"

His excellency had nothing to observe. Her aunt seized her arm and pronounced some awful threat in her ear.

"Indeed, madam," returned the princess, with a shrug, "he will oblige me extremely by taking the initiatory proceeding in breaking the contract. For if he waits for my consent, the marquis will be a bachelor till doomsday."

"Then he will not wait for your consent!" said monsignore.

"Yours will be sufficient?" she asked him, with her arm still in Chenevix's.

"Assuredly!"

"Ha! I flatter myself that my own consent is the primary object, so at least you will find it, and believe me, I shall never give it to your nephew!" The house of Reggioso boasts, if of no more, of untainted blood!"

"Niece! niece!" whispered the terrified aunt. But monsignore had it not in his power to take any exception at this affront, although he resolved at some time to take revenge. The young marquis was better provided, and with every evil passion marking his crafty face, he drew his sword and struck Chenevix across the head an awkward blow, which he had meant should be a wound. There was a difference of some ten years between them, a difference also in rank which the younger did not know, a difference of spirit he could not comprehend. He wished a challenge should ensue, and hissed exultingly between his teeth, "Now, signor, you will demand reparation!"

"No!" exclaimed Chenevix, with flashing eyes. "On the contrary, I shall *take* it!" And grasping both hands of the little marquis in one of his own, with the other he boxed his ears on both sides of his head, and them shook him by the shoulder with such vigor as to send him dancing into the middle of a neighboring set.

"Now my princess," said he, as if nothing had happened, "shall we continue our walk?"

The astonished cardinal moved aside to suffer them to pass, and then hurried away, and from that time it was tacitly considered best in both families to allow the Princess Victoria her own way till she should grow weary of it. A determination exceedingly pleasant to her, if it had been long maintained, but unfortunately subsequent events induced both her father and the marquis's uncle to alter this plan of behaviour.

All this time the spirit of revolution had never once ceased or hesitated. The great Mazzini's influence was omnipotent in the city, and the republic seemed to be rising fast in fresh, white lustre on the ashes of the French and Austrian power. Nevertheless, the steady, and in reality immense force of these old kingdoms, with their armies, their wealth and their prestige, was in the opposition, and the resistance, long open, was now flashing forth in street skirmish and outside assault. Victoria had never restored Chenevix his cloak, nor indeed alluded to it, and therefore on the day of the great battle, more than a year having elapsed from the first outbreaks, when he saw this cloak climb the wall and look out on the scene of carnage, he had no hesitation in identifying her within it. He would at once have joined her and led her out of danger could he have left his own post; but at the moment the gunner by his side was shot down into the ditch, and she sprang forward to fill the place, performing his work faithfully, and with more sang-froid than if at her embroidery on a shady terrace. Not far distant the majestical boom of the guns of St. Angelo sounded in the intervals of their own; the crash of failing escalades, the rattling of musketry, filled the air with awful clamor, and the groans of the dying, the trumpet peals of rallying squadrons, were sufficient to appall stouter hearts. But steadily she rivalled the ancient fame of the Roman women, in her heroism.

A dreadful hour, vacant of words between them, passed like a century over his head, as Chenevix thought what might befall her, as ball after ball whizzed by her, shell after shell burst beneath, a wall of flames opened and closed in front. At last he could endure it no longer, he left his gun for her side, and implored her to leave. As he spoke, a cannon ball dashed by, sweeping with electrical velocity within half an inch of her lips, and she fell on his arm completely stunned with the fearful collapse of air which it occasioned. Hardly had he time to grasp her ere another terrible stroke, coming from he knew not where, robbed him also of sensation, and when he awoke he lay on a cot in the hospital Fate-Bene Fratelli, while Victoria bent over him like some mild nun of the Annunciad. It seemed then, as he soon learned, that they had together been brought here; she had quickly recovered, but he had lain in fever and delirium for many days.

"Our cause?" he asked of her.

"Is lost!" she briefly answered.

A moment's pause was broken by another question.

"And you have nursed me?"

"Yes."

"As in your kindness you would tend any wounded wretch!" he said, bitterly.

"No, signor," she responded, in low, fervent tones. "As I would tend an angel from heaven, if he should fall to my compassioning."

Chenevix gazed long and searchingly into the truthful eyes that met his own, and at last, satisfied, as it would seem, slept with her hand in his.

Many more long days and nights Victoria watched with him, relieved by the angelic ministrations of Margaret Fuller, that primal Florence Nightingale, in bearing the olive of peace and healing through the havoc of war, till he was sufficiently restored to leave. Slow as the time was, they look back on it with regret, for they had experienced in its flight the uninterrupted pleasure of a companionship they might never know again.

The Austrians were once more in the ascendant, and when he again wandered out into the plaza, the evidence of their subdued order was everywhere apparent. Scarcely had he cast his eyes around, ere he found himself, at unawares, seized by their officials. This was monsignore's revenge. As he was being thrust into a coach, a figure wrapped in a long cloak passed, and being suddenly stopped by the affair, stumbled and fell against him. The guards hastily interfered, but not before a little hand had slipped into his a vial, while a voice whispered, "Drink it at once!" The coach when closed, was so dark that he did not hesitate on account of discovery, and on reaching the place of trial, their captive was, to all appearance, dead. So the physician declared, and hastily coffined, he was the same day entombed.

That morning Victoria had sold her diamonds, and some of the gold thus obtained had chinked in the physician's palm, more had chinked in the grave digger's, an empty grave had been left, and a villa outside the wall received the but half animate form of Chenevix. Here the proper medicines were applied, and two days after, when he sat stronger than before he had drank the opiate, the door opened and Victoria, who had just reached the villa, entered quietly. Her face was quite pale, and she commenced speaking hurriedly.

"I have procured a passport for you," she said. "It is filled out and viseed. You are able to leave, Signor Chenevix; let me request you to hasten." It seemed to pain her as she spoke. "I have stolen hither, the marquis follows, and will arrive momently. His joy at your supposed death is magnificent! Your postilion is at the gate. Farewell, if we do not meet again. Thank God!" signor, there are two worlds!"

"I must leave you, then?"

She handed him a little note which he opened and read:

"SIGNOR CHENEVIX,—I know not who you are, but as one gentleman to the other, I ask you, force me not to break the oath I made, on the Princess Victoria's birth, to the Arch Cardinal Vologni, that she should wed his heir. I ask you not to address my child for a period of three years, a promise corresponding to her own, and believing in your honor, I am yours,
ANTONIO TRISTAZZA, *of Reggioso.*"

Immediately drawing forward a writing stand, Chenevix wrote in answer:

"EXCELLENCY,—I respect your wish, let my secret also be regarded.
Yours, RICHARD CHENEVIX,
Duke of Radnorsley."

He sealed it and gave it to her.

"I have promised," he said. "We do not meet again for three years. You will then be your own mistress, unless events are untoward. I shall then be in Rome."

"My father, Signor Chenevix will perceive, knows of his safety; no one else; *he* followed me and so learned it. Farewell again."

"Princess, one word! If you were alone in the world, and I the same man as now, humble, foreign, obscure, would our fortunes be united?"

She looked up with a sparkle of happiness making her beauty brilliant, and answered slowly and distinctly, "Signor, the world would not be wide enough to separate us."

A moment of quick joy, he had clasped her in his arms, snatched one burning kiss, placed her in his own chair, and dashing down to his own coach, disappeared round the bend of the road just as the marquis drew up in a cloud of dust at the gate. Without the interchange of a word, her suitor conducted her back to Rome, he full of corroding, jealous anger, and she hanging on the blissful dream of the last few moments; the steadfast, earnest eyes, the kiss, the touch, though years might intervene ere it was repeated. Once at home she gave the prince his note, which he read without comment to any, and the arch cardinal, who was awaiting them, and who had been severely silent and stern, insisted that she should be confined in some upper room till she consented to the marriage. Reggioso was in his power, and Victoria was accordingly imprisoned. But nothing conquered that spirit, and when at the end of the year the cardinal with his nephew entered and requested her decision, she calmly declared it unaltered.

"Another year!" said the cardinal, and another year found her still a prisoner. Again at its expiration the cardinal entered. This time she would have nothing to say to either of them, and the cardinal withdrew. Harsh measures being thus found ineffectual, monsignore advised milder ones, and the princess once more appeared in the wondering but questionless society of the capital, constantly attended by the marquis, in hopes that weariness and habit might cause her to yield. The misery of those two years cannot be imagined, but now the hope dawned on her that the third year would bring Chenevix. It passed without him. The fourth year and much of the fifth passed by and he came not. Despair took the place of hope.

One dreary night she sat alone from sunset to day-break, bitterly reviewing the years that were gone. It was plain he had thought her only a wild, ungovernable child, she said. In England there were women beautiful as she, and far more cultivated. He had forgotten her and loved there. From that night the ennui of ease, the discontent of life, settled on her brow, transfixing the airy, high-spirited girl into the scornful, superb woman of elegance.

The fifth year had nearly passed; the marquis had finished growing and entered the Garde Noble, and sitting carelessly one night at the opera, he, as ever, at her side, her glance lighted on a familiar face, and fastened there. Could it be Chenevix? A silent, spell-bound gaze, and he bowed. It was impossible for her to return it, to move; her face hardened and grew ghastly, and she was borne out in a swoon. Weary days passed ere she again saw him; she could not relinquish self-control thus a second time; he should see how she bore neglect; and scornfully as to any of her Roman admirers, she gave him a mocking recognition. It was idle, she began to think, for her to occasion such strife in her family, and joyfully the cardinal perceived that she was drifting with the current, her consent almost, and at last, as he thought, *finally* gained.

About this time she lost a ring of opals, and when, after a long interval she again saw him, the ring was on his finger. Well, any lover could wear one's rings, but had he wished ever so much, she reflected that she was too constantly guarded for him to obtain any interview, and with her mind strangely balancing in uncertainty, she waited. Then he disappeared altogether from her sight, and months passed without him. So settled did the family now regard her marriage that the trousseau was already finished, and they clamored for her to name the day. But to such appeals she never answered, and they concluded to fix it themselves; in this they reckoned without their host, for as she would not speak on the subject, they should have seen that she was not prepared to act on it. At last they boldly announced that her wedding-day was determined on. She laughed at the intelligence and continued as before.

When she again met Chenevix, it was as the artist beside his picture; she had recognized him with a wild heart-beat of pleasure, which all her pride could not repress, on entering the hall; and for seven years never so near together as now, she carelessly strolled up to the painting though every step seemed a year. "Correct, save in one particular," is the first sentence she has interchanged with him for a desert of time.

"Is seven years so long then?" asked the painter.

"Signor, two years in prison have not been so long as five in freedom."

"Madam has been a prisoner then?"

Her eyes flash but she does not reply.

"I, too," he resumes, "have been in like situation. Not two years, but four. My cell not a palace, but walls of ice."

She turns her dark eyes on him for explanation.

"The princess is interested?"

"I would like to hear you more particularly," she says, distinctly.

"In short, then, when I reached England six years ago, I entered, that I might not be tempted to falsehood with your father, on an expedition to the Arctic seas. Greater separation I could not fancy. Time will not answer here for details. Four years walled in among dense masses and mountains of ice, that built themselves up, ere I again saw my native shores. I hastened at once to Italy. A hundred attempts to address the Princess Victoria have failed; the prince, her father, has as many intercepted letters. He knows I am in Rome. I was this moment recognized by the arch cardinal, who is strangely perplexed, and has gone to solve the riddle"

"He will open your grave and find it empty!" she says, laughing.

"We will then arrest his holiness for burking."

The princess hardly understands the allusion and perceives her friends moving forward. He stoops so as to look clearly into her unshrinking eyes. "Victoria!" he says, "your wedding is fixed, as you know, for to-morrow night, in the Church of Santa Croce, and," bending earnestly forward, "it is for the bride to choose the bridegroom!"

"Seven years ago I chose that bridegroom!"

"And his name?"

"Is Richard Chenevix."

"At what hour does the marquis expect his marriage?"

"At six," she replied.

"Very well, taking a little precedence, I shall be married at five!" he said, smiling. The princess is here joined by her chaperone, and soon glides out, a happy smile hovering round her lips. To-morrow comes and crawls along; the sun passes the meridian and steals down the west; it is five o'clock. A bride has just entered the vestry of Santa Croce. The church is full of those who wait to see the proud princess give herself to a man she is known to despise. They have been told that the bridegroom waits, and they do not wish to delay the marquis, therefore she leaves her father's arm to the countess while moving forward herself with her bridemaids to her lover. Chenevix meets her as this bridegroom, with his head bowed to hear her murmur, and the ritual proceeds. The great clock in the tower strikes six ere the stately ceremonial pronounces them man and wife. Proud and happy they have just left the altar. Suddenly a quick defiance, a haughty smile chase over her face, for there is a commotion at the door, and they pass down the aisle together while the marquis and arch cardinal are alighting. Unperceived they enter their own coach, and the bells above again swell on the air, with acclamations from the populace, who have not forgotten the maid of seven years ago, nor her husband.

"The Duke of Radnorsley stops the way!" cries a footman.

"God and our lady bless the Duchess Victoria!" cry the people. She looks up in her husband's face, struck with sudden astonishment, but the loyal smile she finds there only gives confirmation. Monsignore and the marquis stop, arrested by the words, then the latter darts forward. "What means this?" he begins.

"Marquis Vologni," says the duchess, from her seat at Chenevix's left hand, "I said that to-night I should be married; never having taken you into my confidence, I did not say to whom!"

The duke bows to him with superb stateliness, and they drive on. The marquis has in fact only his own presumption to thank, and since he dare offer neither insult nor injury to the British ambassador at Rome, he swallows his rage, and with his baffled uncle returns home to seek another bride.

When they are once more alone, the duke's clasp of his bride is none the less tender, while, careless of the orange flowers, her head lies on his shoulder. "And is my darling wife defrauded," he said, "because humble Mrs. Chenevix blossoms into the Duchess of Radnorlsey?"

"O no, no!" she answers. "But I should be no less glad and gay if you were a lazzarono and I still your wife."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THERE IS NONE SO POOR AMONG US.

A BALLAD.

BY J. H. M'NAUGHTON.

There is none so poor among us
But may yet in mansions shine,
None so stricken, none so famished,
But may yet with princes dine;
There is none so low among us
But may rise from out the pit;
Will his rags prevent the peasant
From ascending? Not a whit!
Cheer ye up, ye stricken-hearted;
Grasp the sword and take the van;
Valor's arm can ne'er be thwarted,—
On to battle, man to man!
Cheer ye up, ye stricken-hearted!

Out upon this grovelling, whining,—
Shout the war-cry to the wind;
Teach the world that men of tinsel
Ne'er can vie with men of mind.
There is none so poor, so needy,
None so weak, and none so low,
But may win both wealth and honor
If he dare but strike the blow.
Cheer ye up, ye stricken-hearted,
Grasp the sword and take the van;
Valor's arm can ne'er be thwarted,—
On to battle, man to man!
Cheer ye up, ye stricken-hearted!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

A page in the life of William and Mary of England.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

In a large room, hung somewhat too profusely with Flemish paintings, sat a man whose aspect was at once severe and pensive. Thin as a shadow, with a frame bent as if by sickness, a forehead broad and high, if not exactly open and frank, a nose somewhat hooked, eyes that shone brightly but coldly, and a mouth round which the lines were deeply and firmly marked, betokening a strong will and a determined character, William, Prince of Orange was all his *physique* denoted him to be.

For a long while, he had experienced a discontent and uneasiness, amounting to actual unhappiness, at the prospect of his own state when the princess should succeed to the monarchy of England. The natural distaste which a man feels at being obliged to be second to a woman with whom he is on any sort of intimate relations, was aggravated in this case by the inherent jealousy of a temper like William's, and the consciousness of his own ability to command.

His evident want of ease excited a serious alarm in the breast of the princess, who tenderly inquired the cause. Unwilling to disclose his thoughts to her, of all others, he changed the subject at once, professing to her that he had been suffering from one of his frequent headaches. She begged him to retire and allow something to be applied for his relief; and the prince glad to escape from the scrutiny of his wife, was soon apparently asleep in his chamber. Closing the windows and doors, Mary left him to his repose, after laying a wet napkin upon the broad and ample brow, which would almost seem to ache from its own weight, she descended the stairs thoughtfully, wondering if these frequent and violent attacks would not some day lead to disastrous consequences.

Mary loved her husband even more than he gave her credit for doing. Unamiable as his general character indisputably was—peevish, cold and sarcastic as he often proved to others, he never seemed to visit it upon the princess, whom he evidently regarded as his superior in birth, and whose beauty and virtue made him regard her as the first of women.

The first person whom Mary encountered after leaving the chamber was Gilbert Burnet, the brilliant and lively spiritual adviser of her royal highness. The cloud had not left Mary's brow, which was brought there by anxiety about the prince, and Burnet hastily asked her what was the matter? On being informed, he gaily answered that the prince was suffering from altogether a different disease.

"It is the heart—not the head, your highness! The prince is troubled with an affection of the heart which has already attended him nine years."

Mary looked at him at first with dismay, knowing that his knowledge of physiology was as superior as his theology; but the smile upon his face re-assured her.

"The fact is this, your royal highness," continued Burnet, "the prince dreads the moment that you shall be crowned queen."

"And why?" she asked, astonished.

"Because he will no longer live with you when that event takes place; and the thought of a separation is most terrible to one who regards you so supremely."

The princess sat down in a tumult of complicated feelings. She was ghastly pale, and Burnet saw at once that he had been too blunt and abrupt in his speech. With the deepest contrition, he besought her to forgive him the pain he had evidently cost her, and to believe that no human being knew that he was going to utter such words to her. He would say no more until she granted him forgiveness.

She assured him of this and begged him to proceed. He then related to her how inadvertently he had discovered William's feelings, and his conviction that he would never share her throne.

"But how shall I act under all this?" asked the princess. "This resolution which the prince has formed, must be met and crushed at once. No anxiety of this kind must be permitted to fill his mind, already burdened by care, and struggling with the sufferings of disease. Nothing on my part must be omitted to give him confidence in me and my regard for him. A thousand thrones cannot be put in competition with my husband's love."

Burnet had changed wholly from the careless, indifferent manner with which he had commenced the conversation. A serious expression had succeeded to the light gaiety which his countenance had before exhibited. He sat apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the bright colored dresses in the Flemish painting opposite. He was in a dilemma, that might draw upon him the cool sarcasm of the prince; and although he hardly cared for it himself, yet he felt that he could not bear to provoke it in any matter that concerned the princess.

"Again I ask you," said Mary, "how I may best act in regard to this resolution—this whim, if I must call it so?"

"I know of but one way. Assure him that he himself shall administer the government; to which measure, the parliament may be easily moved, as well as to bestow on him the title of king."

"Then assure him yourself from my own lips, that they shall be thus influenced."

Burnet started to find the prince, but he was off upon his favorite hunting ground. The next day, however, he came with his heart full to the princess, to express his admiration of her generous desire to hold him her equal. The scene between them was affecting in the extreme. Mary expressed herself strongly as to the high opinion which she held of his talents and capability to hold authority, and promised him that he should always bear rule.

Restored confidence—expressions of ardent affection, which, coming from such lips as William's, all unused to utter the soft accents of love, were more forcible if not so smoothly rendered—were the fruits of Mary's loyalty to her husband; and the lamp of conjugal affection which until now had not seemed to burn very brightly in the House of Orange, revived its blaze anew.

To William's rooted aversion to France, more than even his love for Holland, historians ascribe his ambition to have been kept awake. The desolation of Holland, whose inhabitants had been called upon to bend the knee to the House of Bourbon, when William was yet a boy, rankled in his heart, and deepened his hatred of Louis of France. The two were as different as possible. Louis with his courtly airs, his refined and voluptuous tastes, contrasted strongly with William, whose manners and habits were simplicity itself.

To this hatred, might reasonably be attributed William's intense desire for sway. It must have required all that dogged sullenness for which he was sometimes distinguished, to affect indifference when the birth of an heir to the English throne was announced. He succeeded well in concealing any disappointment he might have felt; for on the morning after the announcement, prayers were said for the little Prince of Wales, and an envoy was sent to London with a formal congratulation on his birth.

Still, when the conspirators against King James pleaded with William to come to the rescue of their ill-governed country, the very first act of the prince was to suspend reading the prayers for the child whom nine-tenths of England believed sincerely was not the son of the queen. History, while it frees James from the imputation of deceit, throws no light over his strange and unaccountable conduct in allowing none but Papists to substantiate the child's birth.

* * * * *

"And why not make a descent upon England at once, your highness?" asked the young and impetuous Lord Mordaunt, who had come to the Hague, to persuade William to a measure which he fancied would be perfectly easy.

The prince smiled.

"Do you consider that there would be danger in the attempt?"

"William of Orange is not apt to think of danger," was the proud response.

"I beg your highness's pardon. You and I have nothing to reproach ourselves with on that score."

"Not if your lordship's exploits have been reported to me aright," answered William, with a touch of the sarcasm so natural to his manner.

If the implied reproach touched the pride of the young lord, he had, at least, the tact to conceal that it did so; and he only replied to it by re-urging his plan.

William's words were guarded enough. "I have long taken an interest in English affairs, my lord, and shall keep my attention fixed upon them still."

Whatever were his meditations upon the subject, he did not disclose them to the rash youth before him. William's time had not yet come. The future lay before him; and he had long been impressed with the idea that he had a great and important part to perform in it; but no alchemy raised by rashness and excitement could transmute the sterling metal of his nature into the dross of which such beings as Mordaunt was made; and which the Prince of Orange estimated at just its specific value.

* * * * *

It was December, 1688. The troops of the prince were pouring into London. William himself was landed safe from a private carriage in which he was taken to St. James'. From the top to bottom of the palace, all was one mass of orange ribbons. Bells were rung, illuminations were got up in a style hitherto unprecedented, and every where rejoicings were taking place. St. James was all too limited for the immense crowds that attempted to throng its rooms and staircases. The long looked-for triumph had now come.

It was just at that time that the dethroned queen and her infant were entering France. Louis, attended by his family and the nobles of his court, went forth to meet her, with the strongest expressions of welcome. He even went on foot for the last part of the way; and after condoling with her upon the misfortunes which had driven her hither, he took her child in his arms, and embraced him.

The queen now entered the state coach of the king, in which she was conveyed to St. Germain's where James arrived the next day. Everything that munificence could suggest, was provided for the royal visitors; and France and England were for once on terms of cordiality; although it must be said that it was only England *in its degradation* that received the courtesy of the King of France.

On the eleventh of February, 1689, the Princess of Orange re-entered her father's late dominions, to take the throne which he had desecrated by his meanness and pusillanimity, to speak in the softest terms. It was a sight which the world has never seen repeated—the accession of a daughter while the parent monarch still lived; and at first thought, would seem not only strange and unnatural, but absolutely shocking. It will be remembered, however, that James once listened with complacency to a scheme whereby he might defraud his daughter of the succession. Beside this, Mary set aside all authority or ties of consanguinity, wherever her husband was concerned. Notwithstanding what tale-bearers said of Mary's domestic happiness, her whole love and duty were actually given to William, and he could not but be sensible of the value of the gift.

The revolution which thus placed William and Mary on the throne, was a momentous one. It was the *last* that England knew; and to the peace and happiness which she has since enjoyed, she is indebted to the wisdom of their joint reign, and the proof which it brought home to the English heart, that the throne and the parliament are "one and inseparable."

THE INCONVENIENCE OF A MOUSTACHE.

Recently a somewhat amusing incident came under our notice. A pair of trousers having been stolen in York, the authorities of that city telegraphed to the Hull police to apprehend a man "with a black moustache, and dressed in black," he being suspected. As it was considered probable that the gentleman with "black moustache and black dress" would come to Hull by water, one or two policemen were stationed at the Humber dock basin, to await the arrival of the York packet; but when that steamer landed her passengers, the policemen were perplexed by the appearance of no fewer than three individuals glorying in the hirsute appendage. One of these happened to be a gentleman of Hull, and known to the police as a person altogether unlikely to be the suspected thief, and he was allowed to pass unquestioned; but the other two were more unfortunate. They had not the happiness of being associated with the recollections of the police; they were strangers, and consequently taken in—to the Parliament Street Police Station, one of them followed by a disconsolate "better half." When they arrived at the station they were naturally a good deal surprised at their unexpected situation, and the inspector in charge of the police-officers looked no less puzzled. The message was read over and over again, and though it was true the telegraphic description was correct with regard to moustache and dress, there appeared to be nothing else about them to justify their being detained.—*Eastern Counties Herald, Eng.*

BROILING A CHOP.

Here is a story, to account for the excessive heat of Mooltan, a city of the Punjab:

"Once upon a time there lived at Mooltan a holy man, called Peer Shumsh. His thoughts were in heaven, so he kept no kitchen; but when he happened to be hungry, he, in all simplicity, begged a dinner. One day he was seized with hunger in the city, near a butcher's. He begged, and received a chop; for the butcher was a good Mahommedan. Peer Shumsh went on to a cook-shop, and, laying his chop on the griddle, said, in an absent way, 'cook that for the love of Mahommed!' The cook was a bad man, and did not care a sheep's tail for Mahommed; so he just took up the chop, and threw it into Shumsh's face! There is no doubt, if the outraged Shumsh had prayed for the whole city of Mooltan to be swallowed up by an earthquake, it would have happened; but to his everlasting honor he did not. He mildly picked up the chop, and, turning his eyes towards the sun, implored that luminary to supply what man denied. The sun, to the consternation of all Mooltan, descended three degrees, and cooked the chop of Peer Shumsh to a turn; after which, as an everlasting punishment to the city, the sun never went back, but continues to the present day, a burning example to all young Mahommedans some degrees nearer to Mooltan than to any other part of Asia!"

A HARD CASE.

A few days ago an honest, economical "bachelor," who by long years of toil had saved some $4000, drew it from the —— bank, in this city, not believing his money was safe *there*, in these "troublous times." His money was all in gold. He occupied a room in a building in the lower part of the city. On his way to his quarters with his gold in a bag, he imagined every person he passed knew that he had the gold. Night came, and he put the gold between the beds, and lay down on it, but not to sleep. His imagination was alive; he deemed every noise made by burglars who were after his gold. During the long night watches he was sleepless, and he rejoiced when daylight came. He changed his quarters, took a room in a more respectable locality; put the gold away, went to work, was uneasy, went again and again to his room, looked at his bag of "yellow boys," and "night and darkness" came again. His gold was under him, but noises were round about him. He slept not. In the morning he went to a friend on Front Street, and asked:

"What shall I do with my money?" told him his trouble for two days and nights, and asked for advice.

"Go and deposit your gold again in the —— bank, and take a certificate." He did so, and was happy, as his money is safe.—*N. Y. Post.*

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF WOMEN.

Punch thus expresses his distress at the disappearance of women from the face of the earth: There are no women now-a-days. Instead of women, we have towering edifices of silk, lace and flowers. You see a milliner's large advertising van that slides along with a rustling sound, and you are told that it is a woman; but as you cannot approach within several yards of the monster obstruction, you cannot tell what it is, beyond something that looks like an entire shop front put in motion, with all the goods in it exposed for sale. I really believe, if any showman would open an exhibition where one could see a woman, such as were in my young days, when they used to be fair, slim, slender, graceful, well-proportioned, and everything that was beautiful, instead of the animated wardrobes, and unrecognizable bundles of fine clothes, that they now are, I really believe that an enterprising showman like that would realize a large fortune."

FEROCITY OF RATS.

The London News of the World states that a family named M'Kall residing at Mary-hill were recently attacked by an army of rats in the night. Mrs. M'Kall was awoke by a pain on her forehead and putting up her hand, it came in contact with a rat fixed to her temple. Springing out of bed, she observed one of her fore-fingers cut in two places, and on lifting her infant child the blood was streaming from its head in several places, which showed marks as if produced by the teeth of rats. One of its fingers was cut severely. The husband had to sit up and watch his family for the rest of the night, to save them from any further attack from these ferocious vermin.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Maria V.—The reason why women have made such bad sovereigns is, that they are swayed more by their feelings than their reason.

M. M. G.—The stories of Napoleon's passing many days without sleep are simply false. His sleep was proportioned to his labors.

Artist.—Rembrandt's pictures possess an energy and effect belonging to no other painter. His coloring is magical.

Financier.—Russia had no public debt till 1787, but was possessed of a considerable treasure in specie.

Pioneer.—All United States lands before being offered for sale, are surveyed on a rigidly accurate plan, at the expense of the government.

Pupil.—"Profane" signifies "outside of the temple." It was applied by the ancients to uninitiated persons who were not allowed to be present at the sacred services, particularly those of Bacchus and Ceres, but were obliged to remain outside

Tyro.—"Point blank" in gunning denotes the shot of a gun levelled horizontally.

R. S.—We will venture to say, that with six months' practice of an hour a day, you would write a very good clerical hand.

Clara S.—The white pine is the loftiest forest tree in the United States.

Pupil.—"Palimpsests" are re-written MSS. Much ancient literature has been recovered by effacing the modern writing and re-producing the original.

Housekeeper.—The *olla podrida* of the Spaniards is a dish consisting of several kinds of meat cut up and stewed together, something like that sevorage pottage which Meg Merilies offered to Dominie Sampson.

Juvenis.—At the great Roman festivals, the "nomenclator" was a servant whose duty it was to inform the guests of the name and ingredients of the dishes set before them.

S. S.—The northern sea-god, or evil spirit of the waters, was called *Nicken*, hence the English epithet "Old Nick."

M. D.—The empress Catherine of Russia declared in 1780 that she was willing to take up arms in defence of the principle "free ships make free goods."

Seeker.—"Nativity" in astrology is the theme or figure of the heavens, and particularly of the twelve houses at the precise moment when the subject or "native," as he is called in astrological jargon, is born. It is synonymous with horoscope.

S. S.—Great Nahant comprises 305 acres of land.

Sergeant S.—Of the 150,000 troops with which Napoleon entered Moscow, in five weeks he lost 40,000. The loss which the fire and war occasioned to the city and government of Moscow was estimated at 321,000,000 roubles.

Maria M.—Lady Mary Wortley Montague's only son, became successively a Catholic and a Mahommedan. He was a very eccentric person.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

The inevitable destiny of the Indian race to retire before the white man, and abandon the hunting grounds of savage life to the settlement and culture of civilization, is so clearly written in the past and present history of our country, that even the most mawkish philanthropist cannot interpose a well-founded objection thereto. That a mere handful of savages should be permitted to shut out vast regions of the most available portions of the continent from occupation and improvement by civilized man, simply because they range through these regions and use them for hunting grounds, is a doctrine too absurd to be admitted. It is in direct conflict with the laws of nature, and the best interests of the human race; it is revolting to reason and justice, because it sacrifices the rights and interests of the many to the few. Equally absurd would it be to permit the blood-thirsty treachery and rapacity of the inferior race to prevent the peaceful and beneficial spread of the superior race over the lands thus monopolized by the former. But while the superior thus has a right to dispossess, or rather supersede the inferior, there is a corresponding obligation on the part of the civilized race to protect the savage, and provide amply from its abundance for the necessities and comforts of the latter.

Acting upon the view of the rights and duties of civilization, the United States government has so shaped its Indian policy, that vast tracts of territory have from time to time been reclaimed from the Indians, as the growth of the country demanded, and at the same time the Indian tribes have received ample equivalents for the privileges given up by them, in the shape of money, provisions, clothing, implements of labor, new lands adapted to their numbers, instruction in the arts of civilized life, and protection from hostile tribes. The business of the Indian Bureau of the general government has gradually grown up in the course of time, from the simple duties which a single clerk discharged, to an immense amount, requiring the constant labors of a commissioner, sixteen clerks at Washington, and thirty-three Indian agents, nine superintendents, and a large number of teachers and other employees, in the Indian country. The annual expenditures for Indian purposes is nearly three millions of dollars, and the amount last year paid to the Indians for annuities in money or goods, but mostly money, was about one million of dollars. During the four years past, fifty-two treaties have been made with various Indian tribes, by which about 170 millions of acres of land have been acquired or re-acquired by the government, at the cost of eleven millions of dollars and upwards in money, besides other considerations of benefit to the Indians, including reservations of land for their occupancy, amounting to over nineteen millions of acres. In this time the jurisdiction and agency of the Indian Bureau has been extended over 500,000 square miles not before included therein.

By these facts it will be seen by our readers that our government does not *steal* land from the Indians, but acquires it by treaty, and remunerates them liberally therefor besides providing for their future location and welfare. There are at the present time within the limits of the United States, about 300,000 souls of the Indian race, the greater part of whom are west of the Mississippi River; there being only about 18,000 east of that river, and they principally in New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, N. Carolina, Mississippi, and Florida. Of those west of the river, there are about 100,000 in California, as many in Minnesota, and the remainder are in Texas, New Mexico, Washington and Oregon Territories, Utah, and on the plains and Rocky Mountains. The present policy of the government for the removal of Indian tribes, differs from that originated during Mr. Munroe's administration, the feature of independence with separate government being now abandoned, and a system of colonization under the supervision of our government being adopted in its stead. Contact with the white race is found to prove fatal to the Indian. He acquires the vices of his white brother, loses his own virtues, and sinks lower in the scale of humanity then before. Therefore the present plan is to colonize the Indians into tracts of country of extents suitable to their numbers, in locations where they will be completely isolated from the whites, and then to administer their affairs by a government agent, introducing schools, religious teaching, agriculture, and the mechanic arts among them.

This plan has thus far produced very successful results, reclaiming the Indian from his roving habits, overcoming his repugnance to labor as degrading, and inspiring him with respect therefor, diffusing the blessings of common schools among the young, and habituating the mature to the restraints of the Christian religion, and comforting them with its hopes. The most inspiring prospects are thus held forth for the improvement and well-being of that race. The system of isolated colonization under government supervision has been successfully introduced among the Indians in California and those of Texas. Last year upon the reservations in Texas, there were colonized about 1500 Indians, showing an increase of over 400 from the year before. They have fenced in and cultivated 740 acres of land, and have made some progress in erecting houses and other improvements, and are under the care and direction of competent government agents, who express strong hopes of success in improving and civilizing these tribes. One tribe is the Comanches, one of the most fierce and warlike upon this continent; and if they can thus be won over to the arts of peace and the ways of civilization, there is certainly hope of all other tribes. Similar good results are produced in California, where there are some five reservations for colonization, occupied by 10,000 Indians, with 2500 acres of cultivated land thus far, and permanent buildings, and encouraging prospects of still further progress.

This plan of colonization is to be extended to other localities, and by its aid it is hoped that the Indians may eventually be made citizens, and be able to sustain their share in the management of public affairs. It would be a happy circumstance if these remnants of powerful tribes that once roamed over this continent, could be rescued from destruction and incorporated into civilized society—a noble solution of the problem of the red man's fate!

The Indians in Michigan, about 7000 in number, are becoming elevated in the scale of civilization, under these influences. They do not want to emigrate to the far West, nor do the people around them desire to have them go. This speaks well for their progress and good conduct. The Oneidas, at Green Bay, Wisconsin, are also advancing in civilization, and will eventually become citizens. The Wyandots, in the Kanzas region, are about to emerge from their tribal condition, hold and own their lands in severalty, and assume the status of civilized life. They have for years had common schools among them, and governed themselves by a code of laws of their own. The Chippeways and Otawas also cultivate the soil for a living, and have their own laws. The Cherokees and Creeks, as well as the Choctaws and Chickasaws, are already semi-civilized, as well as the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico, a well-behaved and amiable people, numbering about 7000, and among our latest acquisitions. The Seminoles in Florida have been a source of great trouble and expense to our government, and the Seminole war has become almost a permanent institution among us. A part of that tribe some years ago, emigrated to the region of country west of the Mississippi, occupied by the Creeks, and became blended with the latter tribe. They felt humiliated by being thus denationalized and made subject to the Creeks, and became idle, reckless, and a burden to themselves as well as the Creeks. This state of affairs became known to their brethren in Florida, and the latter have in consequence refused to emigrate, preferring to infest the Everglades and prey upon the people of Florida. Lately, however, by a treaty with the Creeks, a portion of their country has been set off for the exclusive possession and occupancy of the Seminoles, and there is now good prospect that the Florida Indians will join their brethren in this new territory, and thus in a peaceable manner, the everlasting Florida war be done away with.

The sketch which we have thus given of the state of our Indian affairs, the doings of our government, and the prospects for the future, cannot but be gratifying to our readers, for it seems that this troublesome question of Indian policy is better understood and treated now, than it has ever been before. It must be a source of pride to every American, to see the encouraging and liberal manner in which his great and powerful country deals with this feeble and decaying race. Intemperance is the greatest bane of the red man. Being by nature rash and impetuous, with little mental restraint for self-government, the Indian seems to be the ready victim to the demon of alcohol, and base, selfish men have not been wanting to stimulate and feed this accursed appetite, for the sake of gain. Of late years, by the Intercourse Act, the general government has by stringent measures prevented the introduction of spirits among the Indian tribes, and in this good work the State governments within whose jurisdictions Indians exist, have cheerfully co-operated. The evil of intemperance is therefore much diminished among the tribes, and as the present system of Indian administration becomes matured, the evil will be still further circumscribed. This temperance reform among them is indispensable to the success of any measures for benefiting and improving the Indians, and for the sake of the red man as well as the white race, we most heartily bid it god-speed.

OUR COUNTRY'S PROTECTION.

The right of protection at the hands of our country is one enjoyed so fully and completely, that we scarcely ever recur to it in thought, unless the subject is brought to our minds in contrasting our own condition, in this respect, with that of the subjects of other nations. Like the blessings of light and air, the protection of good government is so habitual to us, that we rarely pause to reflect upon our political advantages, any more than we do to rejoice over the air we breathe or the light which gladdens our eyes. As citizens, we require protection for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and under this classification, are comprehended all the objects which man holds dear, whether material or spiritual, social, moral or religious. The employment of labor or talent or capital, the possession and enjoyment of property, the pursuit of knowledge, either as a means or as an end, the relations of friendship, the ties of family, the benefit of our race, the worship of the Creator, are all provided for in the protection which the citizen receives from government. This protection as against our own citizens, is secured to us by the laws of the State; as against citizens of other States and foreign nations, and those States and nations themselves, by the laws of the United States; as against our own State, by the Constitution thereof, and the laws of the Union; and as against the general government, by the United States Constitution. By this division of powers between the State and the nation, is it that our protection at home and abroad are entrusted to different hands, and thus, too, are they both more amply secured.

With our protection of our individual rights and interests at home, resulting mainly from the administration of our State government, our readers are familiar, from their every-day's experience and observation of its workings, in legislative and municipal bodies, courts of law, police, educational, and sanitary institutions. Our protection while abroad, in foreign lands and upon the high seas, is the duty of the national government. For this is its expensive diplomatic and consular force kept up, as well as our gallant navy, which commands respect for our flag in every sea and on every foreign shore. The rights of American citizens in foreign countries depend mainly upon international treaties and the law of nations. These rights are asserted by our ministers and consuls, when necessary, and vindicated by our navy. A striking instance of the efficacy of our national protection to individuals in foreign lands, occurred in the case of Martin Koszta, a native-born Hungarian, and of course a born subject of the Emperor of Austria. Koszta had been engaged in the Hungarian Revolution of 1848-9, and with others, had sought the shelter of Turkey when that rebellion failed. Austria interposed with Turkey for the surrender of these refugees. Turkey refused, but finally assented to their leaving that country to go into perpetual banishment in foreign parts, at the instance of Austria. Koszta took up his residence in the United States, and got out his first papers of naturalization. He dwelt here nearly two years, and then made a voyage to Turkey, in an American vessel, on some private business, placing himself under the protection of the American consul at Smyrna in Turkey.

While he was in that city, and just on the eve of his departure for the United States, he was kidnapped by order of the Austrian Consul-General in Turkey, and placed on board an Austrian man-of-war called the "Huszar," in the harbor of Smyrna, to be conveyed in irons to Trieste in the Austrian dominions. The American consul at Smyrna, and our government's diplomatic representative at Constantinople, at once interfered and demanded his release. This was refused by the Austrian officials. Captain Ingraham, U. S. N., with his sloop-of-war St. Louis, arrived at Smyrna at this critical moment, and having investigated the matter and ascertained that Koszta had a right to claim American protection, and that he was to be hurried away to Austria, without a hearing, he promptly demanded his release from the Austrian commander by a certain hour, threatening to liberate him by force, if not released in time. The demand not being complied with at the appointed hour, Captain Ingraham laid the St. Louis alongside the Austrian vessel, with guns loaded and run out, ready to blow the "Huszar" out of the water. This spirited conduct effected the liberation of Koszta, and saved him from an Austrian dungeon. He returned to this country and is now among us—a living monument of the saving grace of the stars and stripes.

This extraordinary occurrence led to a full discussion of the circumstances, between the Austrian minister at Washington, Chevelier Hulseman, and our Secretary of State, the lamented Marcy, whose death the country has recently been called to mourn. In that discussion, the proceedings of Captain Ingraham were fully and triumphantly justified, and the complaints of Austria silenced. It was shown that Koszta, when seized and imprisoned, was under the protection of the United States; that by the law of nations, Austria had no authority to interfere with this government in the exercise of its right to protect Koszta by liberating him; and that Captain Ingraham's conduct, under the peculiar and extraordinary circumstances, was right and proper. It will be perceived from this, that it is not necessary that a person should be a native-born, or even a naturalized citizen, in order to receive national protection; for Koszta was not fully naturalized, and even his taking out his preliminary papers was only adduced by Secretary Marcy as evidence that he had a domicile in this country—in other words, that he came here and resided here with the intention of making it his future abode, and thus, at the time of his arrest, had a character of American nationality. No, the glorious doctrine of national protection, so honorable to our country in its assertion and vindication, is broader than the mere right of citizenship, which depends upon municipal or local law, and rests upon the law of nations as recognized and submitted to by all civilized nations. In the language of Secretary Marcy this doctrine is clearly and ably set forth;

and wi[illegible] triumph[illegible] plaints [illegible] scatters [illegible] giance t[illegible] upon g[illegible]

"Wh[illegible] nations [illegible] national [illegible] uralised [illegible] home b[illegible] ticed fr[illegible] himself [illegible] tection [illegible] to that [illegible] its cond[illegible] duty to [illegible] nations [illegible] globe."

nesota, and the remainder are in Texas, New Mexico, Washington and Oregon Territories, Utah, and on the plains and Rocky Mountains. The present policy of the government for the removal of Indian tribes, differs from that originated during Mr. Munroe's administration, the feature of independence with separate government being now abandoned, and a system of colonization under the supervision of our government being adopted in its stead. Contact with the white race is found to prove fatal to the Indian. He acquires the vices of his white brother, loses his own virtues, and sinks lower in the scale of humanity then before. Therefore the present plan is to colonize the Indians into tracts of country of extents suitable to their numbers, in locations where they will be completely isolated from the whites, and then to administer their affairs by a government agent, introducing schools, religious teaching, agriculture, and the mechanic arts among them.

This plan has thus far produced very successful results, reclaiming the Indian from his roving habits, overcoming his repugnance to labor as degrading, and inspiring him with respect therefor, diffusing the blessings of common schools among the young, and habituating the mature to the restraints of the Christian religion, and comforting them with its hopes. The most inspiring prospects are thus held forth for the improvement and well-being of that race. The system of isolated colonization under government supervision has been successfully introduced among the Indians in California and those of Texas. Last year upon the reservations in Texas, there were colonized about 1500 Indians, showing an increase of over 400 from the year before. They have fenced in and cultivated 740 acres of land, and have made some progress in erecting houses and other improvements, and are under the care and direction of competent government agents, who express strong hopes of success in improving and civilizing these tribes. One tribe is the Comanches, one of the most fierce and warlike upon this continent; and if they can thus be won over to the arts of peace and the ways of civilization, there is certainly hope of all other tribes. Similar good results are produced in California, where there are some five reservations for colonization, occupied by 10,000 Indians, with 2500 acres of cultivated land thus far, and permanent buildings, and encouraging prospects of still further progress.

This plan of colonization is to be extended to other localities, and by its aid it is hoped that the Indians may eventually be made citizens, and be able to sustain their share in the management of public affairs. It would be a happy circumstance if these remnants of powerful tribes that once roamed over this continent, could be rescued from destruction and incorporated into civilized society—a noble solution of the problem of the red man's fate!

The Indians in Michigan, about 7000 in number, are becoming elevated in the scale of civilization, under these influences. They do not want to emigrate to the far West, nor do the people around them desire to have them go. This speaks well for their progress and good conduct. The Oneidas, at Green Bay, Wisconsin, are also advancing in civilization, and will eventually become citizens. The Wyandots, in the Kanzas region, are about to emerge from their tribal condition, hold and own their lands in severalty, and assume the status of civilized life. They have for years had common schools among them, and governed themselves by a code of laws of their own. The Chippeways and Otawas also cultivate the soil for a living, and have their own laws. The Cherokees and Creeks, as well as the Choctaws and Chickasaws, are already semi-civilized, as well as the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico, a well-behaved and amiable people, numbering about 7000, and among our latest acquisitions. The Seminoles in Florida have been a source of great trouble and expense to our government, and the Seminole war has become almost a permanent institution among us. A part of that tribe some years ago, emigrated to the region of country west of the Mississippi, occupied by the Creeks, and became blended with the latter tribe. They felt humiliated by being thus denationalized and made subject to the Creeks, and became idle, reckless, and a burden to themselves as well as the Creeks. This state of affairs became known to their brethren in Florida, and the latter have in consequence refused to emigrate, preferring to infest the Everglades and prey upon the people of Florida. Lately, however, by a treaty with the Creeks, a portion of their country has been set off for the exclusive possession and occupancy of the Seminoles, and there is now good prospect that the Florida Indians will join their brethren in this new territory, and thus in a peaceable manner, the everlasting Florida war be done away with.

The sketch which we have thus given of the state of our Indian affairs, the doings of our government, and the prospects for the future, cannot but be gratifying to our readers, for it seems that this troublesome question of Indian policy is better understood and treated now, than it has ever been before. It must be a source of pride to every American, to see the encouraging and liberal manner in which his great and powerful country deals with this feeble and decaying race. Intemperance is the greatest bane of the red man. Being by nature rash and impetuous, with little mental restraint for self-government, the Indian seems to be the ready victim to the demon of alcohol, and base, selfish men have not been wanting to stimulate and feed this accursed appetite, for the sake of gain. Of late years, by the Intercourse Act, the general government has by stringent measures prevented the introduction of spirits among the Indian tribes, and in this good work the State governments within whose jurisdictions Indians exist, have cheerfully co-operated. The evil of intemperance is therefore much diminished among the tribes, and as the present system of Indian administration becomes matured, the evil will be still further circumscribed. This temperance reform among them is indispensable to the success of any measures for benefiting and improving the Indians, and for the sake of the red man as well as the white race, we most heartily bid it god-speed.

OUR COUNTRY'S PROTECTION.

The right of protection at the hands of our country is one enjoyed so fully and completely, that we scarcely ever recur to it in thought, unless the subject is brought to our minds in contrasting our own condition, in this respect, with that of the subjects of other nations. Like the blessings of light and air, the protection of good government is so habitual to us, that we rarely pause to reflect upon our political advantages, any more than we do to rejoice over the air we breathe or the light which gladdens our eyes. As citizens, we require protection for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and under this classification, are comprehended all the objects which man holds dear, whether material or spiritual, social, moral or religious. The employment of labor or talent or capital, the possession and enjoyment of property, the pursuit of knowledge, either as a means or as an end, the relations of friendship, the ties of family, the benefit of our race, the worship of the Creator, are all provided for in the protection which the citizen receives from government. This protection as against our own citizens, is secured to us by the laws of the State; as against citizens of other States and foreign nations, and those States and nations themselves, by the laws of the United States; as against our own State, by the Constitution thereof, and the laws of the Union; and as against the general government, by the United States Constitution. By this division of powers between the State and the nation, is it that our protection at home and abroad are entrusted to different hands, and thus, too, are they both more amply secured.

With our protection of our individual rights and interests at home, resulting mainly from the administration of our State government, our readers are familiar, from their every-day's experience and observation of its workings, in legislative and municipal bodies, courts of law, police, educational, and sanitary institutions. Our protection while abroad, in foreign lands and upon the high seas, is the duty of the national government. For this is its expensive diplomatic and consular force kept up, as well as our gallant navy, which commands respect for our flag in every sea and on every foreign shore. The rights of American citizens in foreign countries depend mainly upon international treaties and the law of nations. These rights are asserted by our ministers and consuls, when necessary, and vindicated by our navy. A striking instance of the efficacy of our national protection to individuals in foreign lands, occurred in the case of Martin Koszta, a native-born Hungarian, and of course a born subject of the Emperor of Austria. Koszta had been engaged in the Hungarian Revolution of 1848–9, and with others, had sought the shelter of Turkey when that rebellion failed. Austria interposed with Turkey for the surrender of these refugees. Turkey refused, but finally assented to their leaving that country to go into perpetual banishment in foreign parts, at the instance of Austria. Koszta took up his residence in the United States, and got out his first papers of naturalization. He dwelt here nearly two years, and then made a voyage to Turkey, in an American vessel, on some private business, placing himself under the protection of the American consul at Smyrna in Turkey.

While he was in that city, and just on the eve of his departure for the United States, he was kidnapped by order of the Austrian Consul-General in Turkey, and placed on board an Austrian man-of-war called the "Huszar," in the harbor of Smyrna, to be conveyed in irons to Trieste in the Austrian dominions. The American consul at Smyrna, and our government's diplomatic representative at Constantinople, at once interfered and demanded his release. This was refused by the Austrian officials. Captain Ingraham, U. S. N., with his sloop-of-war St. Louis, arrived at Smyrna at this critical moment, and having investigated the matter and ascertained that Koszta had a right to claim American protection, and that he was to be hurried away to Austria, without a hearing, he promptly demanded his release from the Austrian commander by a certain hour, threatening to liberate him by force, if not released in time. The demand not being complied with at the appointed hour, Captain Ingraham laid the St. Louis alongside the Austrian vessel, with guns loaded and run out, ready to blow the "Huszar" out of the water. This spirited conduct effected the liberation of Koszta, and saved him from an Austrian dungeon. He returned to this country and is now among us—a living monument of the saving grace of the stars and stripes.

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"Whenever, by the operation of the law of nations, an individual becomes clothed with our national character, be he a native-born or a naturalized citizen, an exile driven from his early home by political oppression, or an emigrant enticed from it by the hopes of a better fortune for himself and his posterity, he can claim the protection of this government, and it may respond to that claim without being obliged to explain its conduct to any foreign power, for it is its duty to make its nationality respected by other nations, and respectable in every quarter of the globe."

THE BALANCE OF TRADE.

This famous expression is much used by those who write or speak upon the financial affairs of the country. It refers to the state of our business with other countries, as to whether it is favorable or unfavorable—that is, whether the United States has bought more goods from foreign countries in any one year, than it has sold to them. If so, "the balance of trade" is said to be against us; if not, then the balance is said to be in our favor. As specie is the medium through which this surplus of indebtedness is settled, we find that specie at any given time is flowing into this country or out of it, accordingly as the balance of trade may be in our favor or against us. Looking at the present state of the country's financial affairs in this light, we find that the balance of trade is in our favor; for the importations into this country from abroad, during the year ending June 30th, 1857, amounted to about $361,000,000, creating a debt to that amount against the United States, while the exports for the same year amounted to about $363,000,000, which went to pay the debt for the imports, and left a surplus of some fifteen millions in our favor, estimating the freight and other expenses on our exports, and the profit above the home valuation, at the very moderate sum of thirteen millions of dollars. But the country owes about two hundred millions of American stocks, held abroad, upon which about twelve millions of annual interest has to be paid. The above surplus will of course pay this interest, and still leave a balance in our favor. Of course, then, the balance of trade is in favor of the United States, and as a consequence, we should expect to find specie flowing into this country instead of out of it. Such is indeed the case. There have been no shipments of specie to Europe lately, the foreign capitalists do not look for any more from this country, and on the contrary, those among us who hold demands in Europe are now receiving their returns in specie. This state of the balance of trade is very favorable to the stability of our money institutions, and in connection with the abundant crops all over the country, makes it highly probable that the present commercial distress will not endure long, nor the great body of the community suffer very severely.

A COW-FIGHT.

One of the spectacles got up for the amusement of the Parisians at their great circus, the Hippodrome, is a bull-fight—only the animals happen to be cows hired for a certain number of nights. Every arrangement is made to prevent the effusion of blood; the cows are too well-bred to butt, and the *toreadors* have sticks instead of lances. Besides the *toreadors*—or, rather, we should call them *vaqueros*—are enjoined not to rush full tilt against the poor creatures like that captain of volunteer cavalry who said to his men: "Soldiers, the government orders you to charge, and we must obey, but don't forget that you are riding your own horses." We don't believe that the empress Eugenie, who has witnessed the fierce fights in the Madrid circuses, where blood is poured out like water, and lives are lost, will relish or countenance this sham at the Hippodrome. Certainly no Spaniard will waste his francs on such an exhibition.

PRE-EMINENCE OF AGRICULTURE.—Edward Everett, in his Buffalo address, showing that agricultural was the most important of all pursuits, stated that if only eight or ten articles of agricultural product were withheld from the human race for only ten days, the whole would perish in the most agonizing forms of dissolution.

A NOVEL IDEA.—Dr. Reynolds, an English veterinary surgeon, lately amputated a cow's leg and supplied the loss by a wooden substitute, which answered every purpose, and moreover prevented her from jumping fences. Dr. R. must be well *post*-ed in the science of *a-cow's-sticks*.

THE LADIES.—Dr. Beecher says the dry goods' bills of the ladies are nothing in comparison to the outgoes of the uglier half of creation for cigars, liquor and other unnecessaries. Is there not some truth in the declaration?

THE WINE CROP IN ILLINOIS.—Grape culture is quite a business in Monroe county, Ill. It is estimated that the citizens of that county will market 150,000 gallons of wines which, at present rates will amount to $200,000.

WOOL-GROWING.—Ohio is said to be the greatest wool-growing State in the Union. Six millions of dollars' worth has been raised there this year.

INSULT TO INJURY.—During the very bluest day ever known on 'change, we saw a truck-load of indigo going down State Street—very like carrying coals to Newcastle.

KITE-FLYING.—It is not uncommon, the Rev. Mr. Milne tells us, to see adults in China flying kites. We have seen adults doing this in Wall and State Streets.

COMING DOWN.—A hotel in San Francisco which once let for $72,000 a year, nows lets for $7000—something off.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

One of our Boston ships cleared for London the other day with a cargo worth $150,000.

The pitcher that goes often to the well comes home broken at last—a hint for gamblers.

The death of the venerable George Washington Parke Custis created a profound sensation.

To know a bad husband, look in his wife's face—that speaks when the tongue is mute.

The Spaniards have a curious proverb: Jest with an ass and he will flap his tail in your face.

The wise man knows he knows little; but the ignoramus fancies that he knows everything.

A number of Santa Fe merchants lately came into St. Louis with $100,000 in gold.

Without danger, danger cannot be surmounted—the brave man recognizes and defies it.

The entire cost of the Capitol at Washington, with the present improvements, is $10,000,000.

Winter discovers what summer conceals—as adversity reveals the true character of a person.

The stalks of the pie plant (rhubarb) cut up fine and dried, will last the year round.

Zeal without meekness is like a ship at sea in danger from every gale that sweeps the ocean.

A man in England died from a wound caused by striking his wife in the mouth.

Yeomen in leather doublets may be worth much more than noble lords in velvet robes.

There has been an asylum for superannuated printers established in the city of Philadelphia.

Wine and youth are fire upon fire—youthful ardor requires no artificial stimulus.

The saving to the East India Company by desertion of each Sepoy regiment is £3000 a month.

Quarrels are easily begun, but ended with difficulty; a single spark will fire a mine.

Restraint from ill is the best kind of freedom—liberty is a different thing from license.

One of the oldest houses in Woburn, known as the "Lawrence House," lately burned down.

Pity the frailty of a man, however erring, but never spread an evil report of him.

A block of white marble, weighing 1200 lbs., from Rutland, Vt., was lately shown in this city.

Prolix discourses are seldom either prolific or profitable—short sermons are always listened to.

The United States courts will not be able to occupy the Masonic Temple in this city till May.

Pride, perceiving that Humility is honorable, often borrows her cloak to deceive the world.

THE UTAH MORMONS.

By recent accounts from Salt Lake, we learn that the Mormons are actually making serious preparations to resist the general government. They are making gunpowder, for which purpose the saltpetre with which the surface of the ground around Salt Lake abounds, affords them great facilities. They are also making fire-arms, employing workmen from England, who have joined their community, in that branch of manufacture. Brigham Young has also bedeviled some of the Indian chiefs of the wild tribes around him with his fanaticism, so that they profess themselves ready to do his bidding without question or hesitation. Young is actually fool enough to think that he can resist our troops successfully, and at length subdue the whole country and extend his sway over the United States! At least he talks so—though this, after all, may be the miserable invention of knavery, in order to dupe his followers still more deeply into his service. One significant fact we have noted of late, here on the eastern seaboard, and that is, that the public efforts of the Mormons are being discontinued. In New York and Philadelphia, they have closed their establishments, making considerable public notoriety of the fact. Probably this proceeding is adopted in order to work more securely and effectually in making converts, in secret. It also indicates their expectation of a coming contest with the government, and a conclusion, likely to be well-founded, that their public orgies among us would be speedily broken up by popular violence, should their people proceed to the extreme of open resistance in Utah. On the whole, we think Mormon affairs are fast approaching a crisis in this land; and we hope the government will act firmly, promptly and energetically against them, treat the scoundrels as pirates, and put an end at once to all their power to disturb the welfare of the Union and defy its laws. They have among them thousands of miserable dupes who would hail with joy this action on the part of the general government, as the signal of their deliverance from a disgusting yet fearful bondage.

A DREARY VOYAGE.—It is a remarkable fact that the three survivors of the Central America, who recently arrived in New York, had drifted on their frail support *nearly six hundred miles* from the spot where the steamer had sunk, before they were picked up—a dreary voyage, the terrors of which, with a protracted and agonizing death staring them in the face, no one but themselves can realize.

GAS.—Gas was unknown in 1800—now every city and town of any pretence are lighted with it; and we have the announcement of a still greater discovery, by which light, heat and motive power may all be produced from water, with scarcely any cost.

GREAT PICKLE FARM.—At San Leandro, California, forty acres were laid down to pickles this year to supply A. D. Baker's warehouse. We suppose that's the place where "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

ANOTHER SAFE.—Dr. Robert E. Moore, surgeon-in-chief of the Panama Railroad Company, who was supposed to have been lost on the Central America, is alive and well. He is at his home in Alabama.

A SLIGHT ACCIDENT.—An old sea-captain who was navigating his way along the aisle of a railroad car, in which there happened to be half a dozen babies, was *struck by a squall*.

NICARAGUA.—The city of Grenada, which Walker's men destroyed during the Nicaraguan war, is being rebuilt.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Mormon's Daughter: or, Camp Life across the Prairies," a true story of our own remarkable times, by M. A. AVERY. One of the most thrillingly interesting stories we have published for a long time.

"A Remembered Landscape," a poem by JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

"The Prima Donna's Triumph," a story by MARY W. JANVRIN.

"Asceticism," verses by MARY C. GRANNIS.

"The Fugitive Bride," a story of Madeira, by EMILY R. PAGE.

"Gossip with the Reader."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A spirited and graphic picture, depicting a Boston Evening Street scene, at the corner of Brattle and Court Streets.

A fancy sketch, delineating the original of Cinderella, the Heroine of the Glass Slipper.

View of the U. S. Steam Frigate Wabash in a gale.

Picture of Ellis's Island, seen from Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor.

Also Bedloe's Island in New York Harbor.

View of the Citadel at Charleston, S. C.

Portrait of Hon. Erasmus D. Beach, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts.

Representation of a Chinese Fishing Boat.

A large whole page view of an English Watering Place—the Beach at Brighton.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents per copy.

☞ One copy of the FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

Baron Humboldt, who has recently entered his ninetieth year, is quite restored from the effects of his late attack.

M. Manin, the Dictator of Venice when it was besieged by the Austrians, died in Paris, recently of disease of the heart, aged fifty-three.

Mr. Edward Thornton, author of the "History of British India," a "Gazetteer of India," etc., has retired from the East India Company's home service.

It is stated that an immense telegraph line is to be immediately constructed from Marseilles to Constantinople, by way of Corsica, and the various islands of the Mediterranean.

The King of Prussia has presented the Emperor of Russia with eight fine fallow deer for the park of St. Petersburg, and Prince Charles has given two splendid grayhounds.

The pope, it is said, is about to create Tunis a new bishopric, and to nominate to it Cardinal de Bellecourt, formerly Bishop of La Rochelle, in France.

The manufacture of sugar from beet root in the kingdom of Saxony has not assumed any great development, it being found more profitable to distil alcohol from the plant.

Monarque, the French horse that took the Goodwood Cup at the late race, in which Mr. Ten Broeck's horses ran, has just been badly beaten at Chantilly, in France, by one of the English horses, that ran for the Goodwood, Mr. Parr's Fisherman.

The yield of wine in the south of France this year, is said to be unprecedentedly large. It is equal in quality to the famous wine of the great comet-year, 1811, and as the present year has likewise produced a number of comets, the peasants have christened it the "five-comet wine."

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Cunning is the ape of wisdom, but is no more like it than hypocrisy is like virtue.

The art of writing consists in the art of pleasing, and with oratory the same holds good.

Avarice increases with the increase of wealth: it carries its own punishment with its endless craving.

Grant with grace and oppose with firmness; nothing is gained by a hesitating, half-way opposition.

There's a secret drawer in every heart as in every desk, if we only knew how to touch the spring of it.

Never wrest the Scripture to maintain a truth, for fear custom in time should bring you to wrest it to an error.

A vain man finds his account in speaking good or ill of himself; a modest man never talks of himself.

He who begins by presuming on his own sense, has ended his studies as soon as he has commenced them.

Praise of all things is the greatest excitement of commendable actions, and supports us in our enterprises.

As we endear ourselves to the persons we oblige, so we violently hate those whom we have much offended.

Dispose of the time past to observation and reflection; time present, to duty; and time to come, to Providence.

Great lies, sententious absurdities, often obtain credence more readily than falsehoods of less pretensions.

The world is generally willing to support those who solicit favor, against those who command reverence. He is easily praised whom no man can envy.

Joker's Budget.

The fire that *went out*, has not returned.

What line (of omnibuses) would be the most uncomfortable for rogues to ride in? The Neck line.

"You see how bald I am, and I don't wear a wig." "True, sir," replied the servant; "an empty barn requires no thatch!"

LOTHARIO. "Ah! dearest Anna, of your love I'm dying,
And at your feet I lie—"
ANNA. "I see you're lying."

If forty rods made one *rude* (rood), how many will make one polite? If twelve dozen make one gross, how many will make a grocer?

MARRY (AND DON'T) COME UP.
A fellow that's single, a fine fellow's he:
But a fellow that's married 's a *felo de se*.

"Times are improving and men are getting on their legs again," said a gentleman to his friend. "How so?" "Why those who used to ride down in their carriages now walk."

The proverb, "Lightly come, lightly go," does not apply to the gout, nor to the rheumatism, nor freckles, nor to a light sovereign; for all these plagues come lightly enough, and yet there is the greatest difficulty in getting them to go.

A jockey at the Maze races, England, asked an eminent Yankee if they had any such swift horses in America. "Swift," said Jonathan, "why, I guess we have. I've seen a horse at Baltimore, on a sunny day, start against his own shadow, and beat it a quarter of a mile at the first heat."

A respectable country couple were examining Wilkie's picture, "The Distraint for Rent," in the Art Treasures Exhibition, the other day. While the husband was explaining it, the wife's attention was fixed upon the infant in the cradle, in the foreground, and she exclaimed, with true motherly feeling, "I hope, my love, they wont take the baby."

Quill and Scissors.

The Trenton True American says that the United States recruiting stations in that city at this time, are doing a most flourishing business. Large numbers of men are enlisting into Uncle Sam's service, who doubtless consider the eleven dollars per month and found, as better than living on hope, or work without pay, or no work and no pay.

Whatever of want and suffering may prevail this winter among those who would labor, but can find no employment, will be largely owing to the hoarding of specie. Those who cause this want to fall upon the poor, will receive their pay in due season, if it be true "that with the measure ye mete withal, the same shall be measured to you again."

The following story is going the rounds: A few years ago, in the war, an English vessel in the Mediterranean was wrecked with a part of a regiment of Highlanders going to the Crimea. The commanding officer drilled his regiment on the deck of the vessel as if it were on a parade ground, till the ship went down and the water washed over the deck.

One of Chickering's incomparable pianos, says the St. Louis Republican, took the premium at our fair—as they have, indeed, at almost all the great fairs of Europe and America. There are, it seems, no such pianos made in the world as Chickering's. For brilliancy of tone, for durability, and for style of work, they are almost perfection.

A mercantile firm in St. Louis, a few days since, received the sum of $350 in gold, from a well known missionary, who said that he was authorized to return them that amount of money. He would give no further explanation, and it is presumed to be from some conscience-troubled person, who had wronged them of that amount.

The extent of grape-culture along the banks of the Hudson River is not generally appreciated. A good authority has said that in six years, at the present rate of its increase, enough wine will be produced along those sunny and fertile slopes to supply the whole wine consumption of New York.

Early one morning recently a young man named Parker, residing in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., arose while asleep, dressed, went to the depot, got on board a freight train, and rode in the baggage car fifty-five miles, and was quite astonished when the conductor woke him up for his ticket.

A Mr. Arthur, of England, has taken out a patent for making bricks from common earth, by means of pressure only. Many scientific gentlemen have witnessed the process, and consider it altogether successful. It promises to introduce a new era in brick making.

At a corn husking in Hitchcockville, Conn., lately, two hundred bushels of yellow ears were neatly stripped, forty girls kissed, five "engaged," and everybody at home before ten o'clock. That's something like business.

Milton was the descendant of an ancient family of the name, near Abingdon, in Oxfordshire, possessed of considerable estates. The poet was born in Bread Street, London, on the 9th of December, 1608.

It is estimated, on tolerably reliable data, that upwards of eleven thousand laborers have been thrown out of employment in New York and vicinity within a few weeks from the effects of the "crisis."

One thousand pounds of wheat yield twenty-four pounds of nitrogen. In the formation of five tons of clover, two hundred and forty pounds of nitrogen are consumed.

The population of Milwaukie, Wisconsin, according to the census just completed, numbers 44,542. In 1850 she had only 20,061 inhabitants, showing an increase in seven years of 24,481.

Bayard Taylor will soon send to press a new volume of travels. Its title will probably be "Northern Travel; Summer and Winter Pictures of Sweden, Lapland and Norway."

Iron settees are being made to replace the pews in Henry Ward Beecher's church at Brooklyn. Iron seats are also to be placed in the new chapel at Williams college.

Hon Benj. Randall of Bath, Me., died there lately, at his residence, in his 68th year. He has held many conspicuous public positions in Maine in years past.

Dr. Parke, of New York, went to Saratoga recently, for the purpose of being married, but was taken ill during the night and died the next morning.

Hon. Timothy Follett, for many years a leading business man in Burlington, Vt., and in the politics of the State, died at Burlington recently.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. George W. Lang to Miss N. Sarah Robinson, of Lowell.

By N. A. Apollonio, Esq., Mr. Washington McDonald to Miss Mary H. Bridge.

By Rev. Dr. Neale, John P. Hamlen, Esq. to Miss Susan Overlock.

By Rev. Dr. Robbins, Mr. Charles C. Hastings, of Marysville, Cal., to Miss Harriet A. Chester.

By Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, Mr. William Giles, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Miss Elizabeth A. Brown.

By Rev. Mr Manning, Mr. William C. Hill to Miss L. Maria Torrey, of Groton.

By Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. Moses C. Thompson to Miss Lavinia Coy.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. McHenry, of New York, Charles H. Whiting, Esq to Miss Sarah Rogers.

At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Twombly, Mr. Gilbert T. Webber to Miss Sarah A. Smith.

At Reading, by Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. Jeremiah S. Bachelor to Miss Lois R. Eaton.

At Lynn, by Rev. Mr Manning, Mr. James W. Pearson to Miss Lucy A. Estes.

At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Briggs, Mr. Nathaniel Fuller to Miss Abbie Stowers.

At Ipswich, by Rev. Mr. Southgate, B. F. Farnham, Esq., of Salem, to Miss Lizzie F. Lord.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Campbell, Mr. Rufus H. Peabody, of Chelsea, to Miss Lydia M. Stover.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dutton, Mr, Alfred Penniman to Miss Priscilla W. Drinkwater.

At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Dr. J. R. Lothrop, of Boston, to Miss Lydia C. Hedge.

At West Boylston, by Rev. Mr. Cross, Mr. Benjamin Morgan, of Boston, to Miss Susan Ball, of Boylston.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Hannah Troup, 91; Mr. Thomas Bryant, 88; Mrs. Julia M. Gardner, 27; Mrs. Mary Eames, 77; Mrs. Marinda H. Lester Scott, 18; Mrs. Catherine Rogers, 67; Mrs. Mary Ann Bowden, 35; Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Loring, 31; Mr. Frederick C. Krantz, 78.

At Roxbury, Mrs. Sarah Ferguson, 63.

At Charlestown, Mr. Michael Murray, 48; Mr. Aaron Wiley, 56.

At Cambridge, Miss Jane McDermott, 27.

At Dorchester, Mrs. Elizabeth Andrews Foster, 42.

At Somerville, Mrs. Mary Ann Banister, 25.

At Milton, Mrs. Eunice Stone, 82.

At Newton, Widow Mary Eldredge, 82.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Sarah N. Titcomb, 44.

At Newbury, Mr. Jeremiah Mooney, 66.

At Wayland, Widow Hepzibah Flagg, 79.

At Rochester, Joseph Lock, Esq., 83.

At New Bedford, Mr. Ebenezer Baxter, 29.

At Monmouth, Mr. John Parsons, 95.

At Northampton, Miss Urania Battelle, 40.

At Phipsburg, Mr. William Wyman, 93.

At Auburn, Dea. Isaac Stone, 88.

At Centreville, Mrs. Abigail Crosby, 80.

At Ashleyville, Widow Eunice Ashley, 85.

At South Adams, Mr. Benjamin Peak, 88.

At West Granville, Mr. Wetmore Baldwin, 88.

At Pembroke, Widow Nabby Barstow, 84.

At Springfield, Mrs. Martha Kerr, 75; Mr. Elisha Benton, 66 Mr. Humphrey Tucker, 59.

At West Barnstable, Mrs. Carver, widow of the late Mr. William Carver, 90.

At Sandwich, Mr. Antonio Chapouil, 93.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE HASTY UNION.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

AT eighteen, I, Helen Winthrop, was betrothed to Amory Meredith, with the full consent and approbation of our parents.

We had been children and schoolmates together, and our formal engagement was only a closening of the bands which had long united us. Our love was without passion—calm, and on my side earnest—the fraternal regard which exists instinctively between brother and sister. There was no breaking up of the great deep of my affections to flow forth on Amory Meredith; my cheek did not crimson at his approach, or my heart grow warmer in his presence.

My betrothed belonged to a highly respectable though reduced family, and from his English father he inherited the pride which any one less interested in him than I, might readily have seen he possessed. In our daily intercourse this spirit of arrogance did not often manifest itself, and when it did, I must have appeared so much surprised and grieved, that it was checked immediately; and thus I failed to notice this trait in his character as I should.

My father was very wealthy, and I had been reared in the midst of all that taste could suggest and gold procure; but I do not think I cared so much for these things as many do. I know that when the C—— Bank failed, and with it was swept away my father's whole property, I did not weep over it, as many would have done, but went about my daily duties calmly, and without emotion, other than sympathy for my parent in his distress.

I never thought that our loss of wealth would drive away the hundreds we had known as friends; I never doubted that Amory would take to his bosom as willingly the portionless Helen Winthrop, as Helen Winthrop the heiress. Ah, sometimes I think it is well that we see "as through a glass, darkly," in this life, otherwise we might be less happy than now.

With full confidence in Amory's truth, I went down to meet him the morning after the failure of Winthrop and Giles had been announced in the daily papers. He appeared ill at ease as I entered the parlor, and to my cordial greeting he returned a cool "good morning."

"What is it, Amory? What is the matter?" I thought he was ill.

"Nothing—it is nothing—I—" His brow crimsoned and he hesitated.

"What have I done to offend you? Why this coolness unless you are angry?"

"You have not offended me, Helen; you are not to blame—I have told my father so over and over again, but he is firm—no, no, Helen, I am not offended."

"Pray explain yourself," I said proudly. "Your words are not so expressive as your looks, or the disagreeable something which you are striving to keep a secret, would even now be known to me."

He arose to his feet, as if preparing for some desperate revelation.

"I might as well speak it, Helen—though it gives me great pain to do so—we can never be married!"

I controlled myself sufficiently to inquire:

"And why?"

"My father objects to my union now that you will be as poor as I; you know that he is proud, and seeks wealth rather than worth in the wife of his son."

In the calm indifference of Amory's tones, I learned what might have been evident to me long before had I not looked upon my betrothed as little below divinity. He did not love me as he had professed, and with the gilded bauble, wealth, had flown all the pure affection he had so often told me dwelt in his heart for me. It roused my pride, this change in him, and I answered as calmly as he had spoken.

"Yes, Mr. Meredith, I know your father's character in a measure. I know that he is proud, I shall not be straying from the truth to add, arrogant, and sooner than enter his family now that I have not wealth to purchase my entrance—the only thing which seems to be necessary—I would work my way through the world by my own efforts!"

Amory was very much disturbed. He had, perhaps, thought me possessed of too little discernment to penetrate his flimsy regrets, and was astonished at my temerity in hinting at the discovery. It was some time before he replied, and then the words came forth slowly and with embarrassment, as if the man was in a quandary.

"But, Helen, I wish it were otherwise. Really—I—ah—that is, I wish I were a rich man, but it is vain! The world has dealt very cruelly with me!"

"Amory Meredith"—I arose from my chair and stood up before him—"you have said enough! You sought me for the gold you deemed was mine, and when the brazen idol was torn away you cast aside as worthless the altar where it had once been enshrined! 'Tis well. I am only too thankful that I have seen your falseness in time to save myself. Mr. Meredith, you are free, now and henceforth! Good morning."

I gathered up the book of engravings with which I had purposed to amuse him, and before he could stay me, left the room. Looking back now, I know that I could not have loved Amory Meredith as I was capable of loving, or I should have felt the pang of separation more keenly. As it was, I suffered, much from wounded affection, more from wounded pride; and, as I sat in my chamber till long after noon, brooding on his cold-hearted selfishness, and his father's family pride, I determined to be the wife of one whom wealth and station as far outshone even the pristine glory of the Merediths, as the sun outshines the moon.

My beauty would attract, as it had ever done, admirers and flatterers, and for the wealthiest one I would use all my fascinations. I thought then nothing of the deep and holy love which should live in a wife's heart for her husband. I thought nothing of the unhappiness of ill-starred marriages; I would only let Amory see that his falseness had not cost me a single pang.

So with this reckless resolve in my heart I went into society at every opportunity, and the patient reader shall know with what results, if he will follow me through my story.

It was at a gay party that I first met Arthur Stone, the millionaire senator. My first impressions of him were that he was like his name—stone; but his rich voice, and easy, polite bearing disarmed any awe which I might otherwise have felt in his presence.

Mr. Stone was a man past the morning of life. His age was thirty-three, and his person that of one born to stand pre-eminent among his fellows. He was of medium height, rather slender; his hair black and wavy; his forehead broad, full, and white as the depths of a snow-drift. His eyes were deep gray, such a gray as mirrors forth a matchless soul; and his features were strong and self-reliant. There was something about the small fine mouth which made one fear to offend him, and yet his smile was sweetness itself.

From the first, I resolved that Arthur Stone should be my husband; wealthy, talented, high in his country's places of honor, and I poor and neglected, yet he should be mine. I exerted every faculty—I talked to him as I had never talked before—thoughts which had never before formed themselves in my mind, came forth clothed in the fair garb of language, and Mr. Stone listened, and my success was at length certain.

One October evening, when the sun had gone to his bed in garments of crimson and purple, Arthur Stone poured out the story of his love in my ear. With all the impetuosity of a strong man's first love, he went on until he asked me to be his life—his hope! I put my cold hand in his and promised to be his wife. Then I submitted with patience to the burning kisses which he showered upon my lips and forehead, and heard all his passionate exclamations of fondness with calm stoicism. Mr. Stone did not seem surprised that I returned nothing of his demonstrations—perhaps he thought me shy and timid—but Heaven knows that at the moment I promised to be his, I cared no more for him than for the coatless emigrant that brought our wood and drew our water.

Before he left, the permission of my parents had been sought and given, and our wedding day was fixed—just two months from that very evening.

The preparations were magnificent. Silks, laces, velvets and jewelry in the most lavish profusion were showered upon me by my infatuated *fiance*. Why the wealthy, handsome and talented senator should love me so well I could not imagine, and at times I felt really sad that I could not return in some measure the wealth of affection he gave me. I joined in the arrangements for the wedding with great zeal, for I wished to show the Merediths, as well as other of my false friends, that the poor Helen Winthrop had won a prize after all.

The morning of the day set apart for our marriage, I went into the garden to superintend the removal of some choice plants for the decoration of the parlors, and when it was done, I threw myself down on a bench by the little pond at the foot of the garden. I thought over my life more seriously than I had ever done before. I realized the depth of my error in consenting to become the wife of one whom I did not love—one to whom I was totally and unexceptionably indifferent. For all my recklessness I had a heart, though it lay very far down, and the waters of folly and vanity had encrusted it, yet I could feel for the disappointment which my husband would suffer when he learned to understand fully that I had no love to give him.

The reader must not censure me too severely, for my situation in life must plead in extenuation of my many sins. I was the child of parents that never crossed me in my wishes, never thwarted my inclinations, never corrected my evil tendencies. They loved me, and deemed me too perfect to do aught amiss. Thus I came to regard my own will as first in all cases, and my pleasure paramount to everything else. No master spirit had ever awakened and called forth the better impulses of my nature; no gentle voice had ever taught me of the green path which leads upward to the land of perfect peace.

Buried in thought I sat on this, my wedding day, in the garden shadowy, when I was aroused by a slight rustling, and looking up, I saw standing before me, Amory Meredith. There was a shade of real suffering on his face, and his voice was tremulous as he bade me good morning. Perhaps, after all, he might have loved me as well as a selfish nature like his was capable of loving.

I replied calmly to his greeting, and was about leaving him to return to the house, but he caught my hand, and detained me.

"Stay a moment, Miss Winthrop—Helen—I wish to tell you how painful the thought of this eternal separation is to me. Can it not be avoided? I am willing to make any sacrifice for you, Helen; that is, if you still love me!"

"Mr. Meredith," I replied, "it would be impossible to change the course of events even if I loved you, which I take this opportunity of assuring you I do not; and my respect of Mr Stone's high and noble qualities will make me very happy as his wife. When I am settled at Washington, I shall be happy to receive Mr. Meredith and his *rich* wife, among my visitors. Allow me to bid you good-by."

Meredith inclined his head, and turning, walked slowly away. I felt no pang of regret as I gazed on his retreating form, and knew that ere the sun set there would be an eternal barrier set up between us.

In all the splendor of white satin and orange flowers we were married, Arthur Stone and I. The wedding, people said, was a magnificent affair, with its eight bridesmaids and like number of groomsmen. I know that through it all my face was one flush of gratified vanity, and when the ceremony was over, and the rich peals of the lofty organ swelled through the wide old church, I thought I was happy, and that my heart beat a jubilant measure to the gorgeous music.

There was a gay party at my father's house that evening, in honor of my marriage, and I was the gayest of them all. Men praised the sparkling beauty of the bride, and envied Mr. Stone the possession of so rich a prize. Fair ladies were envious of my happiness, and thought with sighs upon the grand panoply of wealth and fashion which would surround me. Ah, if they had looked into my heart they would have found it empty.

My husband took me with him directly to Washington, where he had a fine town house, and there I was installed as mistress. Very proud was I in rambling through the splendid rooms, and noting the exquisite taste which had chosen every object. Then did I think Arthur Stone worthy of a better woman than I.

"My dear Helen," said my husband, fondly encircling my waist with his arm, "this is the room I have fitted up expressly for your use. Your boudoir if it pleases you, dear. I have selected the furniture with especial reference to your taste as far as it was known to me. Tell me, Helen, if it meets your approbation?"

We were standing in a small oval apartment in the western part of the building, the windows of which were overhung with the luxuriant branches of two giant locust trees, about whose stalwart limbs still clung the tendrils of red honeysuckle, that in summer would make the air a great breath of fragrance. Through the faintly stained glass, the setting sun cast his light blood red upon the velvet carpet, and the pale pink roses there seemed to glow and burst into living light. The covers of the lounges and *fauteuils* were of the faint rose color which I have always loved, and in a rosewood bookcase I found arranged the every volume of my favorite authors—the pages over which the nobler part of my nature had risen and cried for liberty. I wondered how Mr. Stone, in our short acquaintanceship, had discovered so much of my likes and dislikes. There was a harp rich in antique gilding, and as I bent over it I saw upon the scroll across it the engraven name of "Madeline Stone, from her husband." The harp had been Arthur's mother's, and to me he had given the treasure of her who had slept in the tomb since first his infant eyes had unclosed on life! I felt the sacred tenderness of my husband's love for me, but the knowledge that I deserved none of it gave to my reply an indifference which must have chilled him.

"O, yes, Mr. Stone, I admire the effect of your furnishing very much; it does credit to your exquisite taste."

It was not the loving response which a true-hearted wife would have given him for all his careful kindness, but he seemed satisfied, and began to speak of the window view. It was magnificent beyond cavil. The domes and spires of the city at our feet, and far in the distance the calm Potomac, gliding like a blue ribbon band across the green velvet of earth's robes. Mr. Stone was an ardent admirer of nature, and probably he had chosen this site for his house as much for its charming locality as for its contiguity to his place of business, for aside from his political office, he was a lawyer of fine talents.

We saw a great deal of company as the season advanced; my husband had many friends, and it was his pleasure that they should be entertained at his own house, rather than in a public banqueting hall. Amid the gorgeous company that thronged our spacious parlors, I moved, people said, the reigning queen in grace and beauty. So long a time has passed since then, stealing one by one the charms I once possessed, that I feel no vanity in saying I was beautiful—it is necessary to my story, for it was a part of myself. It is not strange that I grew to love flattery; the incense of the great crowd was sweet to me; the excitement pleased my restless spirit; and so night after night, bespangled with flashing jewels—my husband's gifts—I went to reception, party or ball, as the case might be. Mr. Stone never hinted that my course displeased him, but continued towards me the same kind, forbearing manner as at first. Sometimes his expressions of tenderness almost overwhelmed me, and realizing the irreparable wrong I had done him, I would go to my chamber and weep—it was all I could do. I respected him more highly than any one breathing; I was proud of his eminence, and would have gone barefoot to the world's end to have saved his stainless honor, but I did not love him.

My affections had been rudely torn from the place where I had thought they were to rest forever, and it required time for the still bleeding fibres to heal and cling around another support. I needed time to weigh and balance my heart on the side of right and truth. I am no hypocrite, else I should have dissimulated, and thus deceived him. But such is not my nature, and where I felt no regard I scorned to affect it.

Mr. Stone received papers, about the middle of March, which required his immediate presence in New York; and a week's absence from home was the least time he would venture to mention. The morning of his departure as we rose from the breakfast table, he came over to my side, and wrapping his arms around me, drew my head down on his bosom.

"Dearest Helen," he said, as one grieved, "I am going away for a little while, and I shall miss your beloved face very much. Wont you kiss me just once before I go? You have never done so in all our intercourse."

I smiled gaily as I replied, forcing myself from his embrace:

"Nonsense, Mr. Stone, you don't care for such childish folly! I will bid you god-speed, and a quick and safe return."

He looked sadly in my face—it was not an offended expression, only sorrow—as he said:

"Helen, darling, you have misunderstood me. You have seen me cold to others; you deemed me wanting in tenderness. Heaven knows that never was wife loved more fondly than mine. Helen, a sister I never had, but all my life long I have yearned for the love of a pure woman. My only brother, he whom I idolized, met with a terrible death on board the ill fated steamer Atlantic; my mother died in giving me life, and my father survived her but a few brief years. I am all alone in the world without you, Helen; I have much need of your love. The wants of my being require it. Now, when I am going away, O, wont you kiss me? It's a little thing to ask of a wife."

It seemed very strange that this man, so cold and self-possessed to others, should plead with me, a weak woman, for so small a favor—that which was his right.

"Don't ask me, Mr. Stone, it is not my nature to fawn upon any one."

"Why always *Mr.* Stone? Why not call me Arthur? I like the name better from your lips, dear Helen."

I held out my hand and took his:

"Good-by, Arthur—" I believe my very forehead crimsoned as I spoke the name—"may God bless you!"

He caught me in his arms, my lips were close to his face. I know not what impulse moved me, but I kissed his forehead. A flush of happiness bright and radiant flashed over his face, but ere he had time to utter a syllable, I sprang from him and sought my chamber. What had I done? Had I deceived him; had I indeed been guilty of that blackest of all sins, hypocrisy? I asked myself the question in nervous haste, and my fluttering heart and burning cheek answered them. Slowly but surely stole over me the knowledge that day by day my husband had been growing dearer to me—that I was no longer indifferent towards him—that I was learning to love him with a love that never had been wakened in my breast before! The conviction brought me happiness; such deep and absorbing happiness as I had never felt. O, how I wished that Arthur had only remained at home until I had decided to reveal to him everything concerning my early engagement—yes, even to my motive in accepting him. I know that his proud spirit would be galled by the confession, but never would I profess the affection which had grown up for him in my heart, until he knew the whole. So, in anxious hope, I had nothing to do but await Arthur's return.

One morning when my husband had been gone two days, my dressing maid, Agnes, handed me a card, and said the gentleman was awaiting me below. I glanced at the address—Amory Meredith.

Carelessly arranging my dressing gown, I went down to meet him. He greeted me most warmly—I received him as became the wife of Arthur Stone—and we conversed of our friends at Wheatwold, but nothing of the old love. He had been on a tour through the Southern States, and returning, was to stop in Washington a couple of months for his health as well as pleasure. He said, looking at me meaningly, that his health had suffered much for a few months past, owing to the unsettled state of his mind. After a long call, he bade me good morning, saying he would call again the next evening.

He came, evening after evening, prolonging his visits far beyond the time required by etiquette for a fashionable call. At length, I gave him to understand that it was my pleasure to receive him no more until my husband returned. At this, he burst into a violent tirade of reproach, accusing me of having wrecked his peace, and destroyed his happiness forever, ending by entreating me to leave my cold-hearted, selfish husband—these were his very words—and fly with him to some land where we could be happy with each other. I heard him calmly through, and then rising, I opened the room door, and pointed silently in that direction. He understood me, and almost bursting with rage, he rushed out, but not before I had caught his muttered exclamation:

"Your husband shall know the whole extent of your baseness!"

I did not fear him, because I would tell Arthur everything myself, so soon as he arrived. I would acquaint him with all, and then throw myself upon his mercy for pardon and forgiveness. So I thought nothing of my former lover, except to be thankful that I was rid of his presence, for the contrast between him and Arthur was so very great that I wondered how I could ever have thought I loved him.

My husband came home two days sooner than he had expected. Sitting in my boudoir I heard his well known step upon the stairs, and in blushing haste I rose up to meet him, for I loved him now. But no, contrary to his usual custom, he did not come directly to me to inquire after my health, but instead, he went into the library opposite, and closed the door. A fearful misgiving shot through my heart. I sank down on a chair and awaited his coming, for I thought he must come before retiring.

One hour, two passed away, and hearing nothing of him, I began to be alarmed. I went out into the passage, and tried the library door; it was locked. I tapped; there was no reply. I called softly:

"Mr. Stone!"

The bolt flew back, and my husband stood in the doorway, but so pale and haggard that I scarcely recognized him. He did not speak, only stared at me with a cold, ghastly look.

"For the love of Heaven, Arthur, tell me what is the matter?" I caught his arm frantically, and tried to look into his face for the cause of all this strange outburst.

He gave me a chair, and taking one himself, sat down before me. Then I met the full gaze of his eyes, hard—hard, stony and immovable! His lips were compressed firmly, and there was not a particle of color in his face. I sat still before him, never moving or speaking, his appearance awed and horrified me. We sat there, perhaps, the space of five minutes, and then my husband spoke:

"Helen, you ask me what is the matter; it is a fair question, and I will tell you, though it seems your own guilty heart might tell you as well. When I married you, Helen, I did not think you loved me as you might love, but I trusted to time and unvarying tenderness to win for me your affections. I know that you did not love me, but I did not know that you loved another. I thought you proud in heart and truthful in soul, and I felt very happy that you were to be mine to fashion after my own spirit. All the time since our marriage, I have striven vainly to win from you one word of regard—the exquisite regard my heart craved—or one loving caress such as a devoted wife would bestow. But I excused it all, because I thought you were timid and retiring in your disposition, and shrank from contact with my sterner self. In loving you, Helen, I gave you my whole heart, fresh, strong, and undivided—a heart that never belonged, in the slightest degree, to another. You were my first love, you will be my last! Being deceived in one woman, whom I thought an angel, is enough—I ask for no further experience."

I had not once attempted to interrupt my husband's rapid utterance, but now that he had paused, I gained courage to ask:

"Why all this strange language, sir? You speak in riddles. Explain fully!"

He drew a note from his pocket, and as he gave it into my hand, said bitterly:

"Were other proof wanting, this in itself would be sufficient to explain all!"

I took the billet, and immediately recognized the handwriting as that of Amory Meredith. It ran thus:

"Hon. Arthur Stone, Washington:—

"DEAR SIR,—It is my painful duty to inform you that your wife—the woman you deem faultless—is unworthy of your slightest thought! She is not only false to you, but she loves another! She was betrothed in childhood to that other, and she has never ceased to love him. In a lover's quarrel, some three months from the time you married Helen Winthrop, this lover said something to her which made her angry, and in pure spite (which she has long since deeply repented) she dismissed him from her forever, and as soon as the opportunity presented itself, accepted you in his stead. Your love was favored only because you were wealthy and influential, and she knew that as the wife of such a man the admiration of that world she loved so well, would be freely lavished upon her. You have been the dupe of an artful woman, and I have deemed it my duty to acquaint you with the fact. During your absence she has regularly received the visits of this former lover—dare her to deny anything of the charges made in this note: your servants will tell you that Amory Meredith, the paramour, has been with your Helen daily since you have been away. And if she herself denies it she stains her soul with a falsehood!

A FRIEND."

I read the missive through, folded it, and gave it back to my husband.

"And on such evidence you would convict me? Let me explain—"

He waved his hand impatiently:

"Not a word, Helen; it is all useless, all you could say would only make your crime blacker. I seek no further proof of your duplicity than the confession of Meredith himself, who this very morning told me the whole. He is a man of truth, and I rely on his word."

"But—Arthur, only one word—only let me tell you—"

"Hush! I cannot listen to it! I cannot permit you to commit more sin by offering the flimsy excuses which may suggest themselves! I could have forgiven any other crime in my wife but infidelity—that, never! Helen, you married me for my gold, the cursed stuff which has been my ruin! Would to God I had been born a beggar rather than the heir of a million, for then I might have been loved for myself. No, no," he added, seeing I was about to interrupt him, "I will not hear it—you can say nothing which will extenuate. And now about the future. We can be nothing to each other henceforth; I could place no confidence in you, and you would not wish to be afflicted with my hated presence. I will settle upon you one half my fortune—it has been a curse to me—and I will go away to some far off land where I can forget all. You can remain in this home, Helen; or wherever you choose—think it over to-night, and inform me of your decision in the morning. For the present, good night!"

With all his usual politeness, he escorted me to the door of my boudoir, and as he was opening the door he bent his large, serious eyes searchingly upon me, and asked:

"Does the proposal satisfy you?"

I bowed my head mutely, for I could not speak for the burning tears which rose like great mountains in my parched throat, and filled my eyes almost to bursting. Once within my room, I closed the door, locked it upon the inside, and sank down upon the sofa in a miserable swoon. How long I had lain there, I do not know; but I was awakened by the loud tones of the hall clock striking eleven. I sprang up, and tried to think it was all a dream; but no! there was the terrible reality standing up gaunt and definite before me! I went to the window, and looked out into the night. All was cheerless gloom save the white spot which encircled the half-obscured moon, and here and there a pale, straggling star. A few great black clouds were hanging over the heavens like death-winged birds of prey, and a dull, thick wind, blew down from the river, in a suffocating breath.

I sat down where the dismal air could fan my temples, and thought calmly over the whole. An hour passed, and my resolution was taken. *I, not he, would renounce home, and go forth a wanderer.* I arrayed myself in a mourning dress and coarse straw bonnet; and counting the contents of my purse, I found that I possessed about thirty-five dollars. I took none of my jewelry, except my husband's miniature, attached to a plain black cord, and the simple pearl ring he had given me on our wedding-day. When all was ready, I sat down to the little rosewood desk—*his* gift—and wrote these words:

"ARTHUR:—When you read this, I shall be away—as effectually separated from you as though the ocean rolled between us. I am innocent of the charge of infidelity—innocent as an infant child. Should I explain to you, you would only scorn and despise me, and so I go forth from you forever, without one word to repel the terrible accusation. May God bless you now and forever!

HELEN."

I sealed and directed the note, and with a bursting heart went forth from my splendid home, out into the chilly March night—an alien, and a wretched outcast!

It is unnecessary to trace out particularly the course of my wanderings, but suffice it to say that I found a home in the family of a Virginia planter. I had seen his advertisement in one of the city papers; and for the situation of teacher to his children I immediately applied, and after a brief examination, was accepted. There were two girls, of the ages of ten and twelve, and a boy of thirteen, all kind and obedient as I could wish. Mr. and Mrs. Walsingham both treated me with the most respectful kindness, and if I could have blotted out the records of memory, I should have been content. I gave them Mrs. Merrifield as my name; and when they asked me if I were a widow, I told them I had no husband! So there the matter ended.

Ever before me, sleeping or waking, the image of Arthur Stone was present. I read daily the Washington papers for the sake of seeing his beloved name mentioned always in terms of the highest respect. Lost to me as he was, I gloried in his virtues, and took delight in his talents! I saw my continued absence noticed in the same papers; it was said that I had gone North on a visit of indefinite length to my friends. There was much regret expressed at the "loss of so brilliant a star," and many hopes expressed that Senator S.'s beautiful lady would return in season for the summer festivities! Ah, they did not imagine that she would never return!

As time passed on, I followed the course of my husband with the most intense interest. Nothing of his actions was lost to me; I read and rejoiced over all. Till now I had never realized the height and depth of my love for him—the broad flame of affection which had brightened and brightened until it consumed my very heart-strings. Night after night I tossed about on my bed till day dawned, thinking ever of him, and weeping over my fatal error.

Perhaps most women would have gone to their parents in such a case as mine, but I had too much pride to be willing to encounter the scoffs and sneers of my early companions. The neighborhood would institute the strictest inquiry into everything I did, and my life would be one of torture. My proud spirit could never brook this, and so I chose the happier alternative of earning my own bread. My parents were poor, and if I had not shrank from the talk of the world, I should have hesitated in burdening them with an additional encumbrance; and it was better that I should go out among strangers, who, caring nothing for me, would take less interest and feel less curiosity in whatever concerned me.

Towards the close of the July following the March which had seen me installed as governess in Mr. Walsingham's family, Edward, my employer's oldest child, arrived home from a year's tour through the Northern States and the Canadas. There were great rejoicings at the house, and every one, from black Pompey down to Phillis the cook, kissed, or shook hands with "Massa Edward." I was presented to him as Mrs. Merrifield, his brother's and sisters' governess, and he received me with the most cheerful kindness; indeed, it was not in Edward Walsingham's heart to treat any one with indifference.

Young Walsingham was but twenty-five years of age, and in form and feature would have formed a fine model of Adonis. His figure was perfection, his features regularly classic, his hair of a rich brown, his eyes the clear, sparkling hazel, and his voice like low music. His manners were vivacious, and at times, gay; but through and beneath—permeating the whole—rose a pure, deep current of feeling, whose action could flow forth in life's soothing stream upon the children of sorrow or affliction.

As we became acquainted, Edward and I grew to be very good friends—for I respected his noble qualities and esteemed him for his noble scorn of all that was mean and contemptible. He was possessed of all a Southerner's warm enthusiasm for the beauties of nature and art; and to the soul of an enthusiast, he added the fervid fire of a poet. He came often to sit with the children in the garden parlor, and while there, he talked much to me of books and the great world; but I was too deeply occupied in the contemplation of my ever-present misery to think of the end of all this. But alas! too soon came the breaking up of the calm quietude of my existence—in a way, too, which I had not anticipated.

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I kindly but firmly refused his invitation, and was going into my room for the night, when Mrs. Walsingham added her entreaties to her son's, and between them both, I was fain to consent. I threw on my bonnet and shawl, and permitted him to lead me to the carriage. It was a splendid evening; blue, gold and purple bespangled the crimson sky, and we rode slowly along for some time in silence, impressed with the glowing beauty of the scene. At length, my companion roused himself and turned toward me.

"Mrs. Merrifield!" His voice was low and quivering.

"Mr. Walsingham!"

"I ask your pardon for what I am going to say—I am doubtful if it meets your approbation—" He hesitated, colored, and seemed deeply agitated.

Supposing he wished to say something regarding my system with the children, I said, encouragingly: "Well, go on; I am listening."

He seized my hand in his.

"Madam, I love you! Without knowing aught of your antecedents, I would make you my wife! Since I first saw you, you have filled my heart entirely—I have cared for nothing else, and have loved nothing else! O, Mrs. Merrifield, say that you will give me room to hope!"

A cold shudder ran through my frame as he commenced speaking, and when he had finished, I shrank back from him in fright and horror.

"Edward Walsingham, you know not what you ask!" I gasped, while my voice trembled and my whole form quivered with emotion.

He looked at me speechless with astonishment, and as soon as I could command my voice, I went on.

All the time since our marriage, I have striven vainly to win from you one word of regard—the exquisite regard my heart craved—or one loving caress such as a devoted wife would bestow. But I excused it all, because I thought you were timid and retiring in your disposition, and shrank from contact with my sterner self. In loving you, Helen, I gave you my whole heart, fresh, strong, and undivided—a heart that never belonged, in the slightest degree, to another. You were my first love, you will be my last! Being deceived in one woman, whom I thought an angel, is enough—I ask for no further experiĕnce."

I had not once attempted to interrupt my husband's rapid utterance, but now that he had paused, I gained courage to ask:

"Why all this strange language, sir? You speak in riddles. Explain fully!"

He drew a note from his pocket, and as he gave it into my hand, said bitterly:

"Were other proof wanting, this in itself would be sufficient to explain all!"

I took the billet, and immediately recognized the handwriting as that of Amory Meredith. It ran thus:

"Hon. Arthur Stone, Washington:—

"DEAR SIR,—It is my painful duty to inform you that your wife—the woman you deem faultless—is unworthy of your slightest thought! She is not only false to you, but she loves another! She was betrothed in childhood to that other, and she has never ceased to love him. In a lover's quarrel, some three months from the time you married Helen Winthrop, this lover said something to her which made her angry, and in pure spite (which she has long since deeply repented) she dismissed him from her forever, and as soon as the opportunity presented itself, accepted you in his stead. Your love was favored only because you were wealthy and influential, and she knew that as the wife of such a man the admiration of that world she loved so well, would be freely lavished upon her. You have been the dupe of an artful woman, and I have deemed it my duty to acquaint you with the fact. During your absence she has regularly received the visits of this former lover—dare her to deny anything of the charges made in this note: your servants will tell you that Amory Meredith, the paramour, has been with your Helen daily since you have been away. And if she herself denies it she stains her soul with a falsehood!

A FRIEND."

I read the missive through, folded it, and gave it back to my husband.

"And on such evidence you would convict me? Let me explain—"

He waved his hand impatiently:

"Not a word, Helen; it is all useless, all you could say would only make your crime blacker. I seek no further proof of your duplicity than the confession of Meredith himself, who this very morning told me the whole. He is a man of truth, and I rely on his word."

"But—Arthur, only one word—only let me tell you—"

"Hush! I cannot listen to it! I cannot permit you to commit more sin by offering the flimsy excuses which may suggest themselves! I could have forgiven any other crime in my wife but infidelity—that, never! Helen, you married me for my gold, the cursed stuff which has been my ruin! Would to God I had been born a beggar rather than the heir of a million, for then I might have been loved for myself. No, no," he added, seeing I was about to interrupt him, "I will not hear it—you can say nothing which will extenuate. And now about the future. We can be nothing to each other henceforth; I could place no confidence in you, and you would not wish to be afflicted with my hated presence. I will settle upon you one half my fortune—it has been a curse to me—and I will go away to some far off land where I can forget all. You can remain in this home, Helen; or wherever you choose—think it over to-night, and inform me of your decision in the morning. For the present, good night!"

With all his usual politeness, he escorted me to the door of my boudoir, and as he was opening the door he bent his large, serious eyes searchingly upon me, and asked:

"Does the proposal satisfy you?"

I bowed my head mutely, for I could not speak for the burning tears which rose like great mountains in my parched throat, and filled my eyes almost to bursting. Once within my room, I closed the door, locked it upon the inside, and sank down upon the sofa in a miserable swoon. How long I had lain there, I do not know; but I was awakened by the loud tones of the hall clock striking eleven. I sprang up, and tried to think it was all a dream; but no! there was the terrible reality standing up gaunt and definite before me! I went to the window, and looked out into the night. All was cheerless gloom save the white spot which encircled the half-obscured moon, and here and there a pale, straggling star. A few great black clouds were hanging over the heavens like death-winged birds of prey, and a dull, thick wind, blew down from the river, in a suffocating breath.

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He looked at me speechless with astonishment, and as soon as I could command my voice, I went on.

"Mr. Walsingham, it is due to you that I make some explanation, although I cannot do so fully. I am the wife of another—"

"Yes, yes, I know," he answered, eagerly; "but that other is—"

"Is still living!"

Edward covered his face, and leaned back silently in the carriage. I proceeded:

"In early life, I committed a great error—married a man I did not love. I married him to pique another, and jealousy on my husband's part separated us. I came here assuming a false name, that my real condition might remain unknown, and for a few brief months I have enjoyed a partial quiet. I have had my punishment; I have deserved all that I have suffered, but to inflict pain upon you grieves me to the heart. Mr. Walsingham, I esteem you very highly; you profess to regard me sincerely—prove it, then, by never mentioning this subject to me again!"

He uncovered his face, and looked long and lingeringly over my countenance.

"Ah, Helen! and must the blessedness of this dream pass away forever? God aid me!" Then after a pause, he said: "One question, madam. and then I will be silent while life lasts; do you love this husband now?"

I answered him solemnly: "As my own soul do I love him, Edward Walsingham! He is dearer to me than life itself—but we are separated forever in this world! God only knows if we shall be re-united in heaven!"

Edward pressed my hand, thanked me for my frankness, and drove on silently. Scarce a word was uttered between us during the ride; he despatched his business at The Oaks, and at early twilight we were at home again.

The next morning, when I came down, Edward stood in the hall with a couple of strapped trunks, marked "New Orleans," lying on the steps, as if ready for a journey.

"Are you going to leave us?" I asked.

"Yes, this morning," he said, hoarsely; "I cannot live here *now!*"

Breakfast passed silently on the part of all; I think Edward must have told his mother the whole, for there was an unusual sadness in Mrs. Walsingham's eyes when they encountered mine, and ever afterwards, as long as I remained with them, she treated me more as if I had been her daughter than her children's humble governess.

After breakfast, Edward came to our school-room to say farewell to his sisters and brother. The children were at that moment playing in the garden, and I stood alone in the room. He came up to me, and I extended my hand; the respect I had for his character made me wish to part in friendliness. He did not regard my outstretched hand, but caught me madly to his breast, and leaving a burning kiss upon my brow, he rushed from the room—and I never saw him again!

Fifteen months afterward, when war between this country and Mexico was declared, I read his name among those of the earliest volunteers, then his promotion to the rank of captain, his glorious deeds and achievements—all of which are recorded in his country's annals—his gallant charge at the storming of Vera Cruz, and lastly his name among the noble slain! God rest his ashes in peace—he needs no other monument than his own bright deeds have given him!

I remained with the Walsinghams something more than a year, and by that time the children were fitted to enter a seminary; therefore my services were no longer required, though Mrs. Walsingham urged me to remain as her companion and friend. But I had begun to weary of the sameness of my life; and besides, I felt a yearning to see my kindred once more. Since leaving my husband's home, I had heard nothing of my parents; and as I rallied from my grief to a sense of my ingratitude towards them, my heart smote me, and I formed the resolution to go back to them at once and brave all.

Three days afterward saw me on board a Northern steamer from Norfolk to Boston, and after a quick passage, I was set down in the great New England metropolis; thence by railway to Wheatwold; and one evening, just at sunset, I stole in upon my parents. They lived in a humble white cottage now, and my father was a merchant's clerk with a salary of eight hundred dollars a year.

Imagine, if you can, the meeting! There was one place, at least, where I could find rest—in the unchanged hearts of my parents; and I thanked Heaven that I had at last remembered the home and friends of my youth.

Before I permitted them even to embrace me, I told them the whole story of my life since my marriage—adding now and then a brief episode of my maiden follies—and when I had finished, I felt relieved of a heavy burden. Other hearts knew of my sins, my short-comings, my sufferings and final repentance! I was happier.

My parents forgave me all; they were too happy in seeing their once idolized child again, to dwell harshly on my errors. Mr. Stone, they said, had visited them several times since my desertion; he had helped them from his purse, and soothed them by his consolations, but never could he give them the slightest clue to my refuge. He still believed me guilty of the crime of infidelity; all else, he said, could he forgive, but this—*never!* My mother said he was pale and altered—that there were gray hairs threading the brown of his locks—and that a solemn melancholy pervaded his whole manner. And I went up to my little room in the attic of the one-story cottage and wept the night away, thinking of him in his loneliness and sorrow! O how my hungry soul cried out after the rich affection I had once neglected, and treated with carelessness!—how my heart would have risen and shouted in gladness at but one word of tenderness from his sealed lips! But it was vain to wish—vain to grieve; and when morning came, I rose with the determination to be very brave and cheerful for my parents' sake.

My appearance at Wheatwold excited much curiosity among the people, and our little cottage was overrun with visitors for a week. I received them all calmly, but coldly, and never asked them to repeat their calls; so in a couple of months, we were as isolated as I could wish.

That I might be able to assist my parents, I did fancy needlework and fine embroidery for the Boston fancy stores, receiving and transmitting the various parcels by express. In this way I made quite a respectable living, and thus became a help instead of a drawback to my kindred.

Of Amory Meredith I heard little. The family still resided at The Lodge, as poor and proud as ever. The son was travelling in England, it was believed; and report said he was dissolute and reckless. The money, of which he had always an ample supply, it was thought was gained at the gaming-table. O how much better it was to be the suspected and discarded wife of a man like Arthur Stone, than the acknowledged companion of a miserable *roué!* How fervently I thanked God that he had spared me from the agony of such a union!

Zealously as ever did I continue to read the Washington papers, lest the name I loved so well might be there and I not see it. His course was, as it should be, glowing and still upward! How I rejoiced and triumphed over myself in thinking of it!

Late in January, as the papers were brought in, I took them up to my chamber, and in the first one I opened, I saw a paragraph which instantly transfixed my every faculty. With straining eyes, I managed to read it through understandingly. It was headed in capitals—the way some people have of announcing any great calamity:

"HORRIBLE OCCURRENCE—*A United States Senator mortally wounded.*—One of the most diabolical acts which has ever startled the citizens of our city, took place last night near the National Hotel. Hon. Arthur Stone, the Pennsylvania candidate for governor, was passing along the street, on his way to his residence, when he was met by a dissolute fellow who has for some time frequented our city, figuring under various names—but it has since been ascertained that his true appellation is Meredith—and some conversation took place between them, the import of which is not known. Mr. Stone appeared exasperated, and called for a policeman, who was passing, to arrest the fellow on a charge which he was ready to prefer. Before the officer could reach the spot, Meredith drew forth a pistol and shot Mr. Stone in the side. The wounded man was taken immediately to his residence, and his wound dressed by Drs. Stone and Hurd. It is thought that his death must ensue from the shot, as the ball penetrated the body near the heart."

Then followed a long string of lamentations and condolence for the injured man, winding up with the bitterest vituperation against the scoundrel Meredith; but I passed all this by, and flew down to the sitting-room to seek my parents.

In a few brief words I made them acquainted with the whole occurrence, and before they could offer one single dissent from my rapidly expressed determination, I was ready for my journey. Fifteen minutes later I was on board the express train for Boston, and by nightfall my name was booked and I on my way to Washington. I was desperate, and come life or some death, I would see him now! Three days of agonizing suspense I passed—the fourth, I trod the streets of the Nation's Capital.

At last I stood in the presence of my husband! I had beaten down all opposition, bribed the nurses, had melted the hearts of the two surgeons by my frantic entreaties, and now I was alone with him! O the blessedness of this thought! I wept and smiled by turns, and then over all my joy swept the sickening apprehension that it was probable he would be spared to me only a little period. They said it was a critical case—he might die at any moment, and he might—but only the greatest and most infinite care could save him—he might recover! The bare possibility was enough to nerve me with superhuman strength. Care? I would watch over him as never watched mortal before! I would enfold him with my tenderness so closely, that Death would pity, and pass by!

By the orders of the physicians, I attired myself in the loose garb of an old woman; I covered my luxuriant hair with a gray wig, and shaded my youthful eyes with blue spectacles. This was done that no recognition of his lost wife should agitate or in any way affect the patient, if he should by God's mercy recover his consciousness.

Meredith, the miserable assassin, was confined in jail to await his trial, though public indignation would have lynched him without judge or jury.

Arthur lay in a sort of stupor, only opening his lips to ask for water. One day when I was leaning over him, smoothing back the rich hair from his cold forehead, he murmured very faintly, like one in a dream:

"Give me water, Helen. O let me have it cool!"

I could have died then, I was so happy in knowing that I had not gone quite out of his memory.

Weeks rolled on, and my husband was better; they said he would be saved. I was in a delirium of fear, hope and anxiety. I knew not how he would receive me—how he would regard my coming to him without permission. But I strove to put away from me all thoughts of the future, and dwell only in the present.

As he grew better, he talked with me sometimes—more from the wish of relieving the tedium of his confinement, evidently, than from any desire of conversation. He often thanked me as only he could for my unremitting attention, and affirmed over and over again that he owed his life to my care. Ah, how happy all this made me! When my patient was disposed to listen, I read to him such works as a woman of my pretended age would be supposed to select—always being careful to lose never the stiff, precise tone of voice which I had assumed from the first. Once, when I had been betrayed into a warmer expression in reading than usual, he looked up at me suddenly: then turning away with a sigh, I heard him say—"How much like Helen!"

Early one morning, the physicians brought the intelligence that Meredith had been found suspended by a handkerchief from a bar in his cell, stone dead; and that on his table was a packet directed to Mr. Stone. Dr. Hurd produced the document, and gave it to my husband. He took it, glanced at the superscription, and turned deadly pale. I sprang forward to his assistance, but he rallied shortly, and breaking the seal, commenced the perusal. He had not read more than a dozen lines, when his countenance underwent a terrible change—the veins in his white forehead became swollen and rigid—his lips were set together like iron—and he sprang to his feet like a maddened lion.

"Great Heaven, she was innocent! O Helen! why did I not hear thee? Accursed destroyer! but 'tis well the grave has claimed thee—otherwise this hand should be dyed in thy traitor blood!"

Dr. Hurd attempted to take the mysterious letter from his clenched hand, but he waved him off.

"It is doing me good," he said, presently; "let me go on."

He read to the last word, and then placing it in the doctor's hand, bade him read aloud. He did so, and O joy ineffable! it was a full exposition and confession of Amory Meredith's whole life, coupled with his foul schemes to ruin me. All was written out by the hand of the miserable suicide, and my character was revealed to my husband in its true light. At last, Meredith had done me justice. Dr. Hurd finished the letter, and with much emotion returned it to my husband. For a moment, both were silent; then Arthur arose with the air of one who had made a great determination.

"Doctor," he said, "I must find her—the cruelly wronged—my injured wife! If she is this side heaven, I will yet win her back! She must hear me—she must forgive me! O God—if she should be dead! But no, no—it is not so! I'll not think of it. Doctor, I must leave for home this moment—"

"No need of that!" I said calmly, stepping before him and divesting myself of my wig and spectacles; "no need of seeking her—no need of winning her love—it has been yours for many months already!"

At the first sound of my natural voice, Arthur sprang towards me eagerly, and before I had half finished speaking, he had seized me in his arms.

"My own! my restored!"

The doctor went silently out, and closed the door behind him. For two blessed hours my husband and I communed together—hours of such happiness as we had never before known. All was explained, all was forgiven. and at last our hearts found rest.

* * * * * *

In the beautiful home of my husband and myself—*our* home—my aged parents are passing quietly and peacefully to the eternal land, blessed with all that can make life pleasant.

As for my precious Arthur and myself, our lives are one great round of psalmody—one pæan of everlasting praise to the Giver of all good. Through much suffering, we have come up purified and strengthened, and the angel of love has folded his wings over us forever!

A DOG STORY.

A friend of ours who indulges in dogs, has two of the canine species—one a cross between the Russian and terrier, and the other a Newfoundland. A bustling, busybody of a hen had stolen a nest in the barn, and brought out a brood of a dozen chickens. When found, they were placed with their careful mama in a large trough, safe out of harm's way, as was supposed. But the terrier dog came round, and hearing the chickens, peeped into the box, when the hen pecked at him. "Quicker than scat," Keezer—for such was the name in which the terrier aforesaid rejoiced—seized her by the head and cut short her useful life. Our friend, however, picked her up, and administered the necessary remedies in such cases, but all in vain. She was "past surgery." But on going back to the chickens, he found Jack, the Newfoundland, ensconced in the box, with the chickens nestled in the long hair of his ears and neck; and for several days he persisted in his care of the brood, until a cage was made for them, and he was relieved of his duty, by the little girl of our friend.

But the story is not all told. While Jack was acting so motherly a part for the chickens, Keezer, in emulation of so signal a virtue, undertook to perform the same service for a couple of pigs—the only survivors of a litter which their unfeeling mother had devoured—and he growled at Jack if he came round, in a most praiseworthy manner. But the pigs died. "Let the dead bury their dead," said Keezer, and left them in disgust. But Jack, true to his more than porcine instincts, carried them away and gave them a dogly as well as hogly burial, and they have remained undisturbed.—*Nashua Telegraph.*

STRAIGHTENING THE CUCUMBERS.

He took much pride in his growth of cucumbers. He raised them very fine and large, but he could not make them grow straight. Place them as he would, notwithstanding all his propping of them and humoring them by modifying the application of heat and the admission of light for the purpose of effecting his object, they would still insist on growing crooked in their way. At last he had a number of glass cylinders made, into which the growing cucumbers were inserted, and then he succeeded in growing them perfectly straight. Carrying one of the new products into his house one day, and exhibiting it to a party of visitors, he told them of the expedient he had adopted, and added gleefully: "I think I have bothered them noo."—*Smiles's Life of George Stephenson.*

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Housewife's Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

Beef Potted.

Take three pounds of lean beef, salt it two or three days with half a pound of salt and half an ounce of saltpetre, divide it into pieces of a pound each and put it into an earthern pan just sufficient to contain it; pour in half a pint of water, cover it close with paste and set it in a slow oven for four hours. When taken from the oven pour the gravy from it into a basin, shred the meat fine, moisten it with the gravy poured from the meat, and pound it thoroughly in a marble mortar with fresh butter, until it becomes a fine paste; season it with black pepper and allspice, or cloves pounded, or nutmeg grated; put it in pots, press it down as close as possible, put a weight on it and let it stand all night; next day, when quite cold, cover it a quarter of an inch thick with clarified butter, and tie it over with paper.

French Beef Soup.

Put into the kettle six pounds of beef, cut into two or three pieces, bone included; one pound of mixed green vegetables, or half a pound of preserved, in cakes: four teaspoonsful of salt; if handy, one teaspoonful of pepper, one of sugar, and three cloves; and eight pints of water. Let it boil gently three hours; remove some of the fat, and serve. The addition of a pound and a half of bread, cut into slices, or one pound of broken biscuits, well soaked, will make a very nutritious soup. Skimming is not required.

Oyster Pie.

Line a deep pie plate with pie crust; fill it with dry pieces of bread; cover it over with puff paste; bake it to a light brown, either in a quick oven or bake pan. Have the oysters stewed just by the time the crust is done; take off the upper crust; remove the pieces of bread; put in the oysters; season them with salt, pepper, and butter. A little walnut catsup improves the pie, but is not essential; cover it with the crust.

Ham Rashers, or Slices

May be toasted, broiled, or fried. May be served with spinach and poached eggs, boiled green peas. Stewed with green peas, or cut in thin slices, divided in four pieces, each piece rolled and fastened with a skewer, roasted, and served with peas. They should in all cases be cut an even thickness, and cooked without injuring the color. Bacon may be dressed in the same variety.

Burdwan Stew.

Cut into joints a cold fowl or duck, put it into a stewpan, with half a pint of gravy, a large wine-glass of ale, half a one of white wine, the juice of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of soy and Cayenne; of mushroom catsup, lemon pickle, cucumber vinegar, corach escavecke, a dessert-spoonful each. Heat all thoroughly before serving.

To fill a decayed Tooth.

Procure a small piece of gutta percha, drop it into boiling water, then, with the thumb and finger, take off as much as you suppose will fill up the tooth nearly level, and while in the soft state press it into the tooth; then hold on that side of the mouth cold water two or three times, which will harden it.

Chickens in a Minute.

Cut a chicken in pieces, and put it in a stewpan with a little butter; add to it some mushrooms, parsley, sprinkle flour over, and shake them; moisten it with stock or water, and white wine; when it has boiled once, take it from the fire and put in the yolks of one or two eggs, and add a little vinegar or lemon-juice.

Shaving Fluid.

Best soft soap, two ounces; boiling water, half a pint; dissolve, cool, and add oils of cinnamon (cassia), verbena, neroli, of each, two drops; dissolved in rectified spirits of wine, half a pint; mix well, and if not perfectly transparent, filter through blotting paper.

Depilatory to remove superfluous Hair.

Lime, one ounce; carbonate of potash, two ounces; charcoal powder, one drachm. For use, make them into a paste with a little warm water, and apply it to the part, previously shaved close. When it has become thoroughly dry, wash it off with warm water,

Black Ink.

Bruised galls, three pounds; gum and sulphate of iron, of each, one pound; vinegar, one gallon; water, two gallons; macerate with frequent agitation for fourteen days. To produce three gallons. Fine quality.

Indigestion.

People very commonly complain of indigestion; how can it be wondered at, when they seem by their habit of swallowing their food wholesale, to forget for what purpose they are provided with teeth.

To render Shoes water-proof.

Warm a little beeswax and mutton suet until it is liquid, and rub some of it slightly over the edges of the sole where the stitches are.

To restore Colors.

Sal volatile or hartshorn will restore colors taken out by acid. It may be dropped upon any garment without doing harm.

Burn.

The first application to a burn should be sweet oil, putting it on immediately, till other remedies can be prepared.

Caution.

Should the bed or window-curtains be on fire, lay hold of any woollen garment, and beat it on the flames until extinguished.

Cleanliness.

This quality sooner attracts our regard than even finery itself, and often gains esteem where the other fails.

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No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ONE YEAR AGO.

BY E. L. RUTLEDGE.

One year ago to-day! 'Tis sorrow's hand
That lies so chill and damp upon my heart—
O God, would I had passed that envious strand,
The woful hour that saw her soul depart!
The moonlight glimmers o'er the forest mound
Where they have hidden my life's light from me—
Thou, e'en the flowers are dim, their colors drowned
In the rich tears of night, shed piteously
For one who loved her, but too tenderly.

I see the blue eyes, moist with love's dear light—
I kiss the red lips in my idle sleep—
I see the ripples of the hair so bright,
Kissing a brow, for angels' kisses meet.
I live a life of hopeless, eager pain—
I clasp my hands in agonizing prayer,
That God may pity me, and take again
This worthless life, whose best hope is despair!
Whose gayest wreath—the buds and blooms of care!

HEALTH.

Nor love, nor honor, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise;
With health all taste of pleasure flies.—GAY.

MEETING.

The joy of meeting pays the pangs of absence.
Else who could bear it?—ROWE.

A Tale of Russian Life.

[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

FOMOUCHKA THE IDIOT.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

ONE evening towards the end of the month of September, a group of young men, maidens and children, were assembled at the entrance of a Russian village, laughing and singing noisily. The sun was setting behind the mountain at which the village terminated, and which was climbed by a tortuous and dusty road. The air was damp and cold; with the sun disappeared the streaks of light which had illuminated the gray sky. There was heard in the village the creaking of some closing doors, and the threats by which a peasant was aiding his horse to extricate a cart buried in the mire. A cow stopped in the middle of the street and twisted her neck, uttered a prolonged bellow and took her way to the familiar yard. Like her a little boy in a short shirt, without a belt, with bare feet deeply buried in the mud, was crying and screaming loud enough to disturb the whole village.

At this moment there appeared in the street a man in a frock of black stuff, pieced here and there with white, with slippers of poplar bark on his feet, and on his head a torn cap, to which hung the fragment of a visor. Beneath his ragged and open frock, appeared a dirty and worn shirt of coarse cloth. The remnants of a broken clasp still hung at one of the button-holes of the collar. The shirt was not closed, and did not protect the chest of this unfortunate peasant against this damp autumnal evening. He had in his hand a long switch; his meagre countenance of a bluish paleness, his troubled eyes, his slow and unsteady step, everything in him announced an unhealthy state, and at once excited compassion for him, and caused a painful impression. His look had something childish about it which did not correspond with his age. He walked slowly, now looking one side, now casting down his head, now knitting his eyebrows, now assuming an air of gayety. Upon his lips appeared something which was neither a smile nor a convulsion. This singular individual was Fomouchka the idiot, as he was usually called.

Fomouchka, born feeble, was for a long time sick, and his growth was but imperfect and slow. At the age when children walk and play, he could scarcely creep. His mother was for a long time obliged to carry him in her arms; she conceived a sort of aversion for him, and was the first to give him the name of idiot, which clung to him all his life.

"He is already four years old," said she, "and he can neither walk nor talk; I must neglect my work to take care of him."

The child grew, but without obtaining the affection of his family, and the name of idiot remained to him.

The idiot was silent, gentle and timid; his sisters tormented him, his brothers insulted him, as well as other children, and the unfortunate boy found no defence in his father or mother. Repulsed by companions of his own age, the idiot fled from them and concealed himself. It was thus that he grew up, alone with himself. None loved him, except Kondlachka, the dog of the poultry-yard, who guarded the house. By night, while he was sleeping on the stove of the cabin, the usual place of repose of the Russian peasants, Fomouchka the idiot listened with a lively sentiment of joy to the barking of his friend, Kondlachka, and, almost before it was day, hastened to lie down beside him and warm himself with him in the sun. In summer, when his mother gave him a morsel of dry bread, and sent him, for a whole day together to guard in the meadows the little pigs, Kondlachka always accompanied him. They passed the day together on the verdure, amid the flowers and shrubs, and together ate the morsel of bread. When evening came and the daylight died, Fomouchka left the meadows, and aided by Kondlachka, drove the pigs to the house.

One summer day as Fomouchka was as usual preparing to drive the pigs to the field, accompanied by Kondlachka, he noticed that the latter was not gay; he often uttered plaintive howls, and laid his nose on the knees of his friend. At evening, Kondlachka could hardly drag himself to the house, but at night Fomouchka no longer heard his voice. In the morning he found him under the shed; Kondlachka was in the convulsions of death, but at sight of his friend, he made a last effort, wagged his tail and raised his head. Fomouchka sat down beside him, caressed him, and put his hands on his back. Kondlachka howled tenderly, stretched himself out and died. Fomouchka uttered such a cry as he had never uttered before, and ran to the house. His mother, frightened, ran to meet him. The child, pale as death, could only exclaim:

"Kondlachka! Kondlachka!"

"Silence, imbecile!" cried his mother, threatening him with her fist. "Well, what? Kondlachka!"

The idiot was silent; but, trembling like a leaf, and sobbing, at last found strength to say:

"He is dead!"

"Drag him into the fields!" said his mother to him.

The child took the dog in his arms and carried him into a field. There, after having remained for a long time seated beside the corse weeping bitterly, he dug a hole and buried Kondlachka there. He afterwards returned to the house slowly, with his forehead bent to the ground, and henceforth drove the pigs to pasture alone.

From this moment, Fomouchka was still more silent, more resigned, more savage. Though he had grown up, he remained gentle, obedient and passive; vainly was he scowled at and insulted, he did not reply; only he turned pale and cast down his eyes. He did whatever he was commanded, labored, sowed, reaped, threshed the grain, and never refused to perform any task. Only what there was singular about him, was, that if no occupation was pointed out to him, he would remain in complete inactivity; but if a task was imposed upon him, he set about it immediately, and continued to perform it without interruption, notwithstanding his fatigue, until he had finished it, or was called away from it. If ordered to do so, he took his repasts with the family; otherwise, he remained without eating, enduring hunger and asking for nothing. When at evening he returned from labor, he went to lie down on the stove or in the loft, according to the orders he received; if nothing was said to him, he remained seated, without lying down, until he quickly fell asleep in his place. On festival days, when the *chorovodes* (circular dances with songs) were formed in the village, Fomouchka took no part in them; but if he was called into the group and asked to sing, he sang; if he was asked to dance, he danced.

His father married him, but marriage did not change his position; whoever wished to do so, amused himself with the poor idiot. Repulsed and oppressed almost from his first entrance into life, the idiot had involuntarily retired within himself; he dared not, and could not, have a will or a desire of his own; one would have thought he lived and moved by the will of others. Meanwhile, but rarely it is true, the idiot had his own ideas. Thus, when spring came, when the sun shone, when the plains became green, and the trees clothed themselves again with leaves, Fomouchka directed his steps to the woods and gathered flowers there; he fastened them to his cap, and around his waist wore crowns of them, made large bouquets, and, laden with flowers, returned to the village, his face radiant with joy. Then his habitual wildness and timidity disappeared; if he encountered any one on his way, he would smilingly offer them a flower, and say:

"Take it, it came from the woods."

Such was Fomouchka, and such he lived until the death of his father and mother. After the death of the old man, Fomouchka was driven away by his wife, who went out to service among strangers, and expulsed by his brothers from the paternal dwelling. Henceforth, during summer, he joined himself to the nearest family, labored and ate with them; but, when the labors of the fields were over, when autumn came, Fomouchka went about the villages, and now by his songs, now by his dances, obtained a morsel of bread, a lodging, or an old garment. In this kind of life, he lost a part of his wildness and timidity; sometimes he became free and talkative, although from time to time he was distressed and irritated at the mockery of others.

Fomouchka approached the noisy group which we have described.

"See! there is the idiot, there is Fomouchka."

"Fomouchka!" cried some one on perceiving him.

The noise and the songs were interrupted. In an instant everybody had surrounded the idiot.

"Good-day, Fomouchka! Good-day, idiot! Good-day, Fomouchka!" exclaimed every voice.

Fomouchka looked fixedly at everybody, shrugged his shoulders, and replied:

"Good-day, all!"

"What a beautiful dressing-gown you have on, Fomouchka," said a young girl to him.

Fomouchka looked at his frock in silence, and began to plait its torn edges.

"And his cap, what a beauty!" said another girl, laughing.

"Who made your shoes?" asked a third.

Fomouchka looked at his bark shoes, struck them with his stick, and replied:

"I made them myself in the woods."

"Have you come to walk with us?" asked a fourth.

"How weary I was in your absence, Fomouchka! It made me sick!" exclaimed a fifth, to which a vast and universal burst of laughter replied.

"Yes, yes," said another voice, "Akoulka has declared that the absence of Fomouchka has nearly been the death of her!"

"See how gay he is!" said a young boy, striking Fomouchka's cap.

The cap fell into the dirt, and the laughter recommenced. Fomouchka smiled, but with a bitter and heart-rending smile. There was in him at once a vague sentiment of humiliation, a powerless vexation and a puerile fear of all who were great, strong, sensible; in a word, of all who could mock at the idiot. His lips quivered, his countenance was overshadowed, but only for a moment; he soon became calm, and his eyes resumed their childish expression. He picked up and put on his cap covered with dust.

"Well, Fomouchka, why are you so sober to-day?" said another boy to him. "Why do you stand there motionless? Sing us a song!"

"Sing us Jourka!" said a young girl, advancing.

"Sing, sing!" exclaimed the crowd.

"Ah! no, indeed!" said Fomouchka in a singular tone.

"Wait, Fomouchka," said Akoulka, "I will sing the song and you shall sing the base." And she commenced thus:

"Is it you, Jourka! Jourka!
Jourka, the brave man,
Was going to the mill;
He saw a wonder—
A goat making flour,
A goat—"

"Well, you will not?"

"Why do you make him sing?" exclaimed another young girl. "Let us sing, Fomouchka will dance!"

"No, I have no desire to do so," said Fomouchka.

"Ah, he will not! Dance, then, Fomouchka," said all voices.

"Wait, Fomouchka, I will dance with you," said Akoulka.

"See, here is Akoulka who will dance with you," cried the crowd.

Akoulka advanced towards Fomouchka; the crowd arranged itself around them; then all clapping their hands, marked the measure of the dance. Akoulka, resting her right hand on her hip, and inclining her head to the right, began to strike her feet, at first slowly, then more rapidly; then, at last, resting both fists on her sides, she sprang forward, and bounded, crying:

"Look, see how I do!"

Fomouchka began to move his limbs, danced two or three times around Akoulka and stopped. The songs ceased.

"Eh, stupid, is that the way to dance? His partner has but started, and he has left her already!"

These words were pronounced by a travelling merchant, who had, unperceived, approached the group of dancers, leaving his horse to pursue his route with the monotonous sound of bells suspended to his neck. The merchant was a young and vigorous man. He wore full pantaloons of black velvet, buried in the tall legs of his boots, with a short pelisse, covered with blue cloth, fastened around his waist by a red girdle; his beaver hat, surrounded by a velvet band, with a copper buckle, was lightly placed above his ear. By his appearance and manners, one would think him an elegant and gallant travelling merchant.

"Good-day, my beauties," added he, taking his pipe from his boot* and lighting it. "What handsome young man is this I see among you? Is he happy? What a swarm of beauties around him!"

All burst out a laughing. Fomouchka, remaining pensive, was digging the ground with his stick.

"Ah, monsieur merchant, you are jealous; it is our idiot," replied a young girl.

"There is reason for jealousy," said a youth.

"They would not do as much for us; fortunate idiot!" added another.

"See what a pretty partner he has found," exclaimed some young girls, while others laughed.

Fomouchka suddenly awoke from his reverie.

"No," said he, "you are more fortunate than I; the idiot is very unfortunate."

"Indeed! What is wanting? Do you not see how many pretty girls are around you? They are dancing and singing with you; can anything be more gay?"

"Gay for others, but not for me," replied Fomouchka. "You are much more, much more happy. Everybody laughs at the idiot—no one pities him."

"And do I not pity you, Fomouchka?" exclaimed Akoulka.

All laughed.

"No, it is true, no one has compassion on him," said a young girl. "But you have a wife?" added she.

"No," replied Fomouchka, "she has driven me away, and gone to serve strangers."

"Ah!" exclaimed the merchant, "it was because you did not support her. Then why did you marry?"

"They married me—my father willed it."

"Your father willed it!" exclaimed Akoulka; "but why, tell me, did you not espouse Catherine?"

The idiot cast down his head.

"Why do you cast down your head?" pursued Akoulka.

"Catherine was a good girl," murmured Fomouchka, as if speaking to himself.

"But why did your father marry you?" continued the merchant.

"Barba was of our village, rich, but without lovers. She had a child, and my father married me to her."

The merchant laughed, pulled his hat down over his head, and glanced at the young girls. Some laughed, the others hid behind their neighbors. One only did not laugh; it was a fat ruddy-faced girl, the youngest of them all. At last she also laughed aloud, and covering her face with her hands, exclaimed:

"Go away!" and she escaped from the crowd.

Fomouchka had remained pensive, and digging the ground with his staff. The merchant drew from his pipe a puff of smoke, and turned again towards Fomouchka.

"Catherine was probably more beautiful, was she not?"

Fomouchka suddenly emerged from his reverie, and, as often happened to him, passed from taciturnity to loquacity.

"Catherine was good," replied he, "she pitied me; she never called me idiot; she called me Fomouchka, and never abused me. If I went out into the village, and if the children, collecting around me, cried out and teased me, Catherine perceived them and drove them away. See how black my shirt is now; formerly Catherine washed it for me; she combed my hair on festival days, and put flowers on my cap. She gave me a buckle. What a beautiful buckle!"

"Is it not that which hangs at your collar?" asked the pedler, pointing to the broken clasp.

The crowd laughed.

"No," said Fomouchka, "I keep that hidden. No one ever gave me such."

"And where is your Catherine now?"

"They have taken her away," replied Fomouchka; "her husband took her away from me." Then he continued: "I was going to the *isba* (or cabin), then they were dancing and singing, there was a noise. I wished to be there also; but there were children, they teased me, and cried: 'Thou hast lost thy betrothed! thou hast lost thy betrothed!' I wished to rid myself of them. The husband of Catherine came out, drove me off, and said to me: 'Go away!' I returned the next day at nightfall, as usual. Catherine should have come out for water, I waited for her. Catherine did not come. The third day, no Catherine; the fourth, no Catherine. I saw Catherine no more, and my father married me." Fomouchka fell again into a reverie.

"Eh, eh, poor fellow!" said the merchant. "Where is your father?" added he.

"My father died in the winter. Alas! it was very cold; the ground was frozen so that I could not dig it. I was obliged to make the grave with an axe."

Night came. Already the bells of the pedler's horse were ringing at the extremity of the village.

"Ah, my carriage is far off; adieu, my beauties," said the pedler. Then giving a copper *petak* (small coin) to Fomouchka, he relighted his pipe and hastened to rejoin his carriage.

The crowd of youth and maidens dispersed, and each re-entered his house. Meanwhile, a boy was hovering around Fomouchka.

"What have you in your hand?" asked he of him.

Fomouchka opened his hand, and showed his *petak*. The boy hastily took it and fled with all his might.

"He has stolen it!" exclaimed Fomouchka. And he ran through the village.

The night had closed; it was a cold night in autumn. The stars were shining with a sombre brilliancy. Everywhere in the village reigned a profound silence; all slept. Only Fomouchka was awake for a long time; he was contemplating the night.

"How many stars," said he. "One, two—one, two, three—" The idiot thus counted the stars, until he slept to awake no more.

* The large legs of their boots serve the Russian peasants to hold all that we now put in our pockets.

Floral Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

She flung the gathered flowers
Upon the river's tide,
And watched them to the waterfall
In eddying swiftness glide:
"Thus pass the hopes I cherished,"
Said the lonely, mourning bride.
DE CASTRO.

Aphis.
The best way of preventing the attacks of the aphides, green flies or plant lice, is to wash the branches of the plants with soft water any time before the buds begin to swell in the winter or towards spring. One ounce of quassia chips to a quart of water is a good mixture wherein to dip the infected branch when insects have got hold of it. Where tobacco-water, which answers the same purpose, is used, the plant must be immediately afterwards washed with pure water.

Manure Water.
For certain kinds of plants, such as the Hydrangea and the Balsam, Coxcombs, Chrysanthemums, and others which are of vigorous growth, water may be mixed with manure. For some plants, such as heaths and most of the hair-rooted shrubs and herbs, the liquid manure is found to be injurious; but for many others, applied when they are in a growing state, it is found greatly to increase their vigor.

Wall-Flower.
There are ten or twelve varieties of the American wall-flower; some with rich, dark reddish brown flowers, called the Bloody wall-flower, and others of a light yellow, with nearly all the intermediate shades. There is also one with dark purple flowers, and another with purple and pale yellow flowers, the first of which has variegated leaves. The dark and double-flowered kinds should be grown in a very rich soil, but not freshly manured.

Viburnum Opulus.
This is a deciduous shrub, a native of Europe and part of Asia, which is always found in swampy thickets. In its wild state, its principal beauty lies in its bright red berries; but in a state of cultivation its heads of flowers become so compact, of such a snowy whiteness as amply to justify its popular name of the Snowball Tree.

Flower Baskets.
You may use wicker baskets for flowers, stuffing the interstices with moss; or employ grape jars, but when the last are used, or any kind of vessel which is very deep in proportion to its breadth, the lower part should be filled with brickbats, pieces of freestone, and other similar materials to within a foot or six inches of the top.

Purple Everlasting Flower (*Xeranthemum*).
Very beautiful annual flowers, which may either be sown in the open ground in April, or raised on a hot-bed and planted out in May; the only advantage by the latter plan being that the plants flower earlier. They are very beautiful, and well deserving a place in every flower-garden.

Angelonia.
An evergreen perennial with very beautiful blue flowers, a native of South America. It should be kept in a warm green-house, and it should be allowed a season of rest, during which it should be kept cool and have scarcely any water. The soil should be a very sandy loam mixed with peat-earth.

Flower Pots.
When China flower-pots are used, they should have the bottoms pierced with several holes instead of one; and they should be particularly well drained, by being filled to, at least, a quarter of their depth with pieces of broken tiles. Glazed pots are most suitable for plants kept in balconies.

Green-house Plants.
Many persons injure their green-house plants by giving them too much heat in winter and too little air in summer, and are then surprised to see them die or become sickly. The thermometer even in sunshine should range rather low, say 53 or 55—rarely more.

The Zebra Plant.
The zebra plants are cane-like, and have red and yellow, purple and yellow, or white flowers. They are natives of Brazil, require a green-house in our climate, and should be grown in sandy peat.

Annuals.
Tender annuals are kept during the whole period of their growth under glass; half-hardy annuals are raised under glass, and afterwards transplanted to the open garden.

IDA.—The language of the yellow rose is "decrease of love—jealousy:" of the white lily, "purity, sweetness."

Jester's Picnic.

YE TAYLOR OF MEE.

(*By a Harde Old Customerre.*)

Who, when my coat was olde and thynne,
Sold me a new one for my tynne,
And "as a strangerre took mee ynn?"
My Taylor.

Who, while vponne hys bench at worke,
Twytchingge hys needle with a jerke,
Sits all day cross-legged like a Turke?
My Taylor.

Yf of the lawe one hadde no fears,
Whose snubby nose and scrubby ears
Would be snypped off with hys own sheares?
My Taylor's.
Improved from ye Evening Post.

"Common taters!" said Mrs. Partington to herself, as she waked out of a little nap in which she had been thrown on Sunday by a soporific preacher, "what has common taters to do with the gospel?" The preacher had alluded to some commentator, the odd sound of which tickled her ear and wakened her. "Common taters," she continued; "well, all sorts of taters are bad enough, and many of 'em are rotten clean through, and if he is calling his hearers such names, heaven knows where he'll stop. Common taters, indeed! I'll send him up a peck of uncommon ones to-morrow, and show him that all of 'em aint alike." She left the house with a very indefinite idea of what he meant, but determined to set him right on the potato question.

"Elder Root," as he was always called, was rather a sour old deacon of the "straitest sect," and hence he was not over-much beloved by the young folk of the parish. One Sunday morning he saw a lad pulling up something in the corner of a garden by the roadside.

"What are you doing there, at workin the garden on a Sunday morning?" growled the deacon.

"I was only pulling up this nasty p'ison *Elder Root!*" was the prompt reply.

Elder Root passed on, musing, and that very day at church, the boy was called out by name, and reproved before the whole congregation for burglariously cutting into a neighboring pew with a sharp "Barlow-knife."—*Knickerbocker.*

In a little village "Down East," there once resided a fellow who was rather deficient in intellect, and whose sayings had furnished more fun than a little to his fellow-townsmen and acquaintances. A few years since his father, with whom he had always lived, went the way of all "good folk," and some wicked ones, too; and as he had been a man of some consequence in the community, his funeral was numerously attended. This was a source of great gratification to our hero, who drawing one of his neighbors a little on one side, and gazing with much pride at the extended procession, exclaimed, "Don't we string out well, Mr. P?"

A Frenchman who had deposited a sum of money for safe keeping with a friend, hearing the latter was about to fail, called upon him and said:

"Sare, I wants my monie."

"Certainly, sir," replied the other, drawing out his check-book, from which he was about to fill up a check, when he said:

"Stop, sare; you got de monie?"

"Why, of course," said his friend; "I will give you a check for it immediately."

"No, no," said the Frenchman; "if you got de monie I no want him, but if you no got him den I wants him."

There is talk in France of erecting a colossal statuesque monument to Napoleon III. by universal inscription, but the material, whether bronze or marble, has not yet been decided upon. In consideration of the manner in which his majesty obtained his present eminence, we should say brass, by all means; but when we think how he has soaped and plastered the Parisians into keeping quiet for some ten years, we change our first fancy, and see at once that the proper material is "Plaster-Paris."

Lord Kenyon's parsimony and irascibility are both indicated in the description of his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where "all the year through it was *Lent* in the kitchen and *Passion Week* in the parlor." Some one having mentioned that, although the fire was very dull in the kitchen grate, the *spits* were always bright—"it is quite irrelevant," said Jekyll, "to talk about the spits, for nothing *turns* upon them."

Threat of Invasion, 1805-6.—The following specimen of the *jeux d'esprit* current in England at the time of Bonaparte's threat of invasion, about 1805, may be worth preservation:

"Says Boney to Johnny, 'We're crossing to Dover.'
Says Johnny to Boney, 'We can't let you come.'
Says Boney to Johnny, 'What, if I come over?'
Says Johnny to Boney, 'You'll be overcome.'"

"We've got a table up to our school, Bill, that's plaguy curious, I tell you."

"What is it, Joe?"

"Why, it's all top, and haint got no legs, and is long enough to go all round 'mong the first class. I tell *you*, 'tis a queer one."

"What sort of a table is it, Joe?"

"'Tis a multiplication table, old fellow. Sold."

They have got electric clocks throughout the whole of the City Hall now, and the fire-bells sound the hours of twelve, noon, and nine in the evening, all over the city—mathematical time. This ought to make us all very punctual; but *en passant*, isn't it a little odd that in a city so well provided with time-pieces the doings of the authorities should be so exceedingly ill-timed?—*N. Y. Picayune.*

Governor and Admiral Cornwallis.—A good anecdote of the two brothers we have from an old Indian. On one occasion when the marquis was passenger in his brother's ship, the admiral, with the true sailor contempt for the red coats, sent a message to his brother:

"Quartermaster, go tell that soldier officer he has no right to walk the weather side of his majesty's quarter-deck."

A cotemporary says that the recent adventure of the Bishop of Oxford, who temporarily lost his portmanteau, recalls the epigram:

I have lost my portmanteau—
"I pity your grief;"
It contained all my sermons—
"I pity the thief."

A young woman, meeting her former fellow servant, was asked how she liked her place?

"Very well."

"Then you have nothing to complain of?"

"Nothing; only master and missus talk such very bad grammar."

Servantgalism.—Mistress—"Not going to remain in a situation any longer? Why, you foolish things, what are you going to do then?"

Eliza—"Why, ma'am, you see our fortune-teller says that two young noblemen is a going to marry us—so there's no call to remain in no situations no more!"

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VOL. XII. M. …

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 185… by M. M. BALLOU, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

THE SCOUT:

—OR,—

THE YOUNG DRAGOON…

A TALE OF THE NEUTRAL GROUND

BY EDWARDS KEELER OLMSTED.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE TORY FOILED BY A WOMAN. THE BI… LIGHTS.

MUTTERING and snarling, the dame fin… reached the door, and drew the bolt, and scout entered.

"Confound your ugly picture!" he exclai… fiercely. "You're a nice pattern of a woma… don't think. What d'ye mean, you cantan… ous jade, by this treatment to one of … husband's friends? Don't you know, you dou… distilled fool, that it's dangerous playing w… edge-tools? Do you s'pose that I'm goin… ride and fight with a halter round my neck, … when I'm forced to fly like a fox, to find my … stopped by the very hand that should give … free passage and shelter? Confound your … pudence! if Ferguson hasn't taught you m… ners yet, it's time some rougher hand, if his … heavy enough, should take you in charge… you go too far with me, you limb of Satan, … give you a lesson that'll last you for man… long year."

Accustomed to being bullied and ordered a… by her husband's rough companions, the w… had still spirit enough left occasionally to r… their insolent treatment, and her eyes flashed … as she listened to the scout's abuse.

"How dare you use this language to … she exclaimed.

"Dare!" repeated the scout, with a … contemptuous laugh. "Dare! Come now, t… a good one, old lady."

"If I were a man, Joe White, you wo… dare to wag your tongue against me."

"Fool!" said the tory, angrily. "If you … an ounce of brains in your ugly skull, you'd … Joe White feared neither man nor fiend."

"Barking dogs don't bite, and bragging … often backed by bravery," was the de… reply.

"Will you hold your tongue—or must I … a gag into your foul mouth?" cried the … perated scout.

"If I was a man," cried the woman, cl… ing her hand like a hawk's talons, "I'd … you manners, you cowardly brute. Whose … are you coming into this time of night, … all honest folks should be a bed?"

"Whose house? it's mine to all inten… purposes. Mine! while I belong to the ba… which your husband is a member. And … talk of *honest* folks, dame?' Satan rebukin… Honesty and you long since parted compa… reckon."

"I was honest," retorted the woman, … kept company with you and yours. B… good book tells us that you can't touch pit… not be defiled."

"Ha! ha! better and better. Beelz… sister quoting Scripture!"

"You're a wretch, Joe White!" shriek… now thoroughly infuriated woman. "The … est kind of a wretch to insult a lone defe… woman."

"Injured innocence!" sneered the scou…

"What kind of a husband have I got, … associates with such a gang of thieves … and allows you to treat me as if I we… slave?"

"Rate your husband as much as you p… said the tory; "he'll be quits with you, … out in my reckoning. You're welcome … stow on him all the choicest terms in your … ulary and even to make a map of West… county on his ugly mug with your ten … egad! they're as sharp as a mouser's—b… added, sternly, shaking his fist in her face, … me a thief—curse you! and you wont h… wait for old Ferguson to come down t… trouncing."

"Do you mean to say you'll *beat* me … claimed the woman, struggling to speak in … voice, but signally failing, as just then her … of unmerited injury overcame her anger … prompted her to burst into tears.

"That was my meaning, precisely," an… the tory, coolly.

"You've threatened that once before, a… husband hasn't kicked you out of door fo…

"He'd thank me for taking the job … hands," said the scout.